THE NATION
1865 Centennial Year 1965
APRIL 5, 1965 . . 35c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

MOSCOW: THE QUIET MEN

1. Constellations of Lobbies
Isaac Deutscher

2. Legacies of Khrushchev
Alexander Werth

How Democracy Returned to Vietnam
Bernard B. Fall

Reviews & Essays

THE GHOST OF MARX
Milton Cantor Norman Fruchter
Jose Yglesias

The Wobbly Spirit: Howard Zinn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Elegy for Lincoln Center

New York City

Dear Sirs: Benjamin Boretz is always a joy and illumination to read, but his elegy for Lincoln Center ["Lincoln Center: Tomb of the Future," *The Nation*, Mar. 22] is surely one of his most stunning accomplishments. It's a brilliant job both of reasoning and reporting. *Deborah Ishlon*

Montreal, Can.

Dear Sirs: I was both pleased and delighted to read Benjamin Boretz's long article on Lincoln Center.

Recently, *The Wall Street Journal* carried an article on the increasing contributions of "big business" to the arts. I think it is important to view these contributions in line with what you have published. It appears they are important for prestige purposes with little regard to the purposes to which the funds will eventually be used.

Here in Canada we have the same problem of very little experimentation of new programs for our symphony orchestras. At least in the Montreal Place des Arts, they have tried to cater to all tastes. . . .

Alan Westbrook

N.B.C. in Vietnam

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: "The Fight for Prime Time" by Howard Junker [*The Nation*, Mar. 15] noted that Bob Drew's documentary *Letters from Vietnam* marked the furthest extension to date of synchronized sound shooting under combat conditions. In fairness to N.B.C. and fact, *Vietnam: It's a Mad War*, was shot in synch sound, in color, in combat, and was on just a few months ago.

But then if you're proving that the network documentary is a wasteland, facts have to be overlooked. C.B.S. Reports, A.B.C.'s Saga of Western Man, N.B.C.'s numerous "specials" and white papers—even the David Brinkley Journal, seem to refute that the network documentary is really such a wasteland, Bob Drew notwithstanding. *Ted Yates, Producer*
N.B.C. News

The only hope

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have just read the review by Dr. Edgar Friedenberg of *The Tunnel Back* [*The Nation*, Mar. 8] which I found very provocative. Dr. Friedenberg not only reviewed the book but gave his own interpretation of the Synanon methodology (based on the book, obviously, as he has never visited Synanon himself). His preoccupation with human dignity and inference that Synanon defies this "inalienable right" leads me to believe that not only has he not seen Synanon but neither has he come face to face with the "dope fiend."

An addict, by his own antisocial behavior, surrenders his inalienable right to human dignity. Synanon offers him the *only* hope of attaining dignity and if, along the way, his "inalienable right" to lie, cheat, steal and mesmerize himself with chemicals is brutally attacked, then such methodology must be viewed in a humane light. . . . *Mimi Crawford*
Synanon Resident

Chinese whaler

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs: John Hillaby's excellent article "South Atlantic: Death of the Whales" [*The Nation*, Mar. 8] . . . omitted mention of a new fleet operating in the East China and Yellow Seas. Red China launched its new 1,200 H.P. whaling ship *The Yuanlung* last year to join its smaller sister ships to intensify their harvest of whales.

This points up just one further reason for bringing them into the family of nations, though the prospect of introducing reason to this situation through voluntary controls appears dim. *Robert W. McCoy*

IQ exercise

New York City

Dear Sirs: Orville Palmer's detailed and delightful account of status-hungry parents, "How to Make the College of Daddy's Choice Without Really Knowing Anything" [*The Nation*, Mar. 8], omitted one device which can, I think, be called, "Sine up the kid's IQ."

Some years ago, a group of pro-integration teachers in Harlem (ahead of the times, of course) started various activities to end the IQing of Negro and Puerto Rican children. The use of such tests to belittle the intelligence of deprived children needs no elucidation to *Nation* readers. Lo and behold! One was cornered by white friends with the plaint, "Of course, it doesn't mean anything but it does show something." Another complaint was, "I don't think you should be so extreme." One didn't have to be a gumshoe to find out that the complainers were working hard to prepare their 3-year-olds for IQ testing! Believe me, the determined ones can do just this. *Alice Citron*

THE NATION

Monday, April 5, 1965
Volume 200, No. 14

In this issue

EDITORIALS

349

ARTICLES

MOSCOW: THE QUIET MEN

352 Constellations of Lobbies
Isaac Deutscher

354 Legacies of Khrushchev
Alexander Werth

358 Ethics in New Medicine: Tissue Transplants
Francis D. Moore, M.D.

362 How Democracy Returned to Vietnam
Bernard B. Fall

364 Electric Power: Runaway Rates
Ronnie J. Straw

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

366 Inheritors of the Faith
Milton Cantor

368 Marx As Muse
Jose Yglesias

370 The Style of the Thirties
Norman Fruchter

371 The Wobbly Spirit
Howard Zinn

373 Theatre
Harold Clurman

374 Art
Max Kozloff

374 New Liturgy (poem)
Jim Harrison

374 Exercise (poem)
Jim Harrison

376 Films
Robert Hatch

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 376)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Grandin Conover, Literary Editor
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Apr. 5, 1965. Vol. 200, No. 14

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $13. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U Thant's Credibility

When, a few weeks back, U Thant suggested that the great American people would do the right thing if only they had the facts, the roof fell in on him. Hoots of rage and derision came from the American press, always proud of the wordage, however misleading, that it can produce on any situation; and the Johnson Administration made its displeasure all too evident. The Secretary-General had to issue a supplementary statement explaining that what he had in mind was that the American people were not fully aware of the background of conflict in Asia. Recent events have shown that he was on sound ground—as most informed and fair-minded people thought from the start.

Last week, Secretary Rusk, professing himself surprised by the international reaction to our use of disabling gas against the Vietcong, took the unusual step of "dropping in" on a State Department press briefing to say a few words. Expanding on the "humane," one might almost say therapeutic, virtues of the gas in question, the Secretary implied that the field commanders were using the stuff at their own discretion. Field commanders do have authority to decide when MPs will employ "riot-control agents," but that has been only for the purpose of breaking up a mob. As Ted Lewis points out in the New York *Daily News*, the use of such gases in the war that is being fought in Vietnam, which involves other nations, almost certainly required a higher and a specific authorization. We now know that vomit gas was definitely used as early as January 27 to clear a Mekong Delta village of the Vietcong, but the information did not leak out until now. On two counts, therefore, one with respect to the phony explanation-rationale now offered us and, second, in the decision not to make a forthright announcement on January 27 about the use of the gas and the reasons for it, the Administration has been a great deal less than frank. The American public knew nothing of the tactic at the time but, as though to soften the effect of a later disclosure, soothing information about the use of gas was released last December.

At the Chemical Research and Development Laboratory at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., and the Fort Detrick Biological Laboratories near Frederick, Md., chemists and biologists had been developing an arsenal of chemical and biological (CB) weapons in the strictest secrecy. More or less synchronously with the employment of gas by our side in South Vietnam, the curtain was lifted, just far enough to let the public see what the Army wanted it to see, and to make it believe what the Army wanted it to believe. This was that CB was the most humane and charming weapon since Mack Sennett's actors began throwing custard pies. Mention was made of lethal gases, far more potent and horrible than those of World War I, but the stories that emerged were full of sweetness and light. Instead of killing people, we were striving to turn war into a game by the use of agents that would make the enemy drowsy, or cause temporary blindness, or loss of balance. After we had taken charge of him, he would recover and be as good as before.

The gas that was actually employed in combat was not all that pleasant. It was tear gas—which Mr. McNamara seemed to imply could be bought at any supermarket—with the addition of a nauseating agent. It was intended to make the Vietcong vomit on a mass scale, and with them the villagers from whom they could not be distinguished, and was described as an alternative to such bombing operations as the one that killed forty-five children during the week of March 15. When the story of the use of gas became public, it was handled, so far as the Army could manage, to give an impression of our loving kindness, even against so nefarious an enemy as the Vietcong.

If its general officers were better informed, the Army might profit by the experience of Imperial Germany in World War I. Fritz Haber, the chemist who worked out the technique of gas warfare, warned his bosses that the Allies would resort to it in retaliation. They did, in a few months. For nearly fifty years thereafter no one used gas in combat, and people even cited its nonuse as indicating that the nations would not resort to nuclear weapons either. But now the United States has faced the American people, and the rest of the world, with a *fait accompli*. Suppose the enemy retaliates with a more noxious tear gas, say with double the nauseating content of ours? The escalation to the lethal gases will then be under way. Who will say now that U Thant spoke out of turn? His only fault was that, not knowing about the gas attacks, he understated the case.

The Issue Is China

In press conferences and private discussion, the President has asserted that he has no objection to criticism, as long as it is responsible, takes cognizance of the problems that confront him, and in particular recognizes that the issue is not Vietnam but the fate of Southeast Asia. Fair enough. But the President himself is evasive in this respect, for the problem of Southeast Asia cannot be dealt with unless we are prepared to deal with Red China. On that score nothing is heard from the President or anyone in his Administration. If he is talking about it with his advisers, the public is given no hint of the policy involved. Nor is it given any scrap of information about the discussions which have taken place in Warsaw, except that no progress has been made.

These talks have been fruitless for secondary rea-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sons at which we must guess, but one factor stands out as the prime reason for failure, in the past and in the foreseeable future: the United States has no policy toward China that could form the basis for a settlement of differences. Insofar as there is a policy, it is one of hostile containment of China and the hope that it will reform, i.e., turn away from communism and embrace the blessings of free enterprise, American style. (That such a transition would put an end to American-Chinese hostility is moot: wars between capitalist powers are not unknown to history.)

Today, as in 1950, China is the great undiscussable issue. It is the subject, not of a policy, but of a nonpolicy. And this fact is precisely what makes it so difficult for the President's critics to argue responsibly and responsively—that is, to put themselves in the President's place. If the President wants them to respond, he must first propose. He cannot deal in generalities about freedom, or keep reiterating that North Vietnam must let its neighbors alone. He must talk about China and the conflicting interests of that country and the United States. Nothing else will avail.

Bombing North Vietnam is one of the things that will get us nowhere. The United States has the air power to damage North Vietnam more or less severely, but air power did not bring Germany to its knees in World War II, nor did it save us from a stalemate in Korea. Germany was beaten on the ground, with air power in an auxiliary role. There is no reason to believe that the North Vietnamese are less tough than the Germans, or that if the present escalation of the war finally spurs China into action, their armies will be less tough than they were in 1952. Of course there is one way of finding out, but what military authority has suggested that we should hazard a major war on the Asian mainland? All responsible counsel is against such a course. But when our military men toy with sending American armies to fight in Vietnam, what else is in prospect but a clash between the great capitalist power of the West and the emergent Communist power of the East?

It is not necessary for a President to admit publicly that a policy (or nonpolicy) has failed. All he need do is admit it to himself, and evolve a policy that has a chance of success. On his ability to recognize that fact, before the situation in Asia gets still worse, the President's place in history may well depend.

Still a Mirage

After long delays and much behind-the-scenes maneuvering, the report of the Cabinet Committee on Corporate Pensions emerged early last month. Completed in November of 1962, its whereabouts and condition were seldom more accurately known than those of political prisoners behind the iron curtain. Many signs indicate that its release now was bought by diluting original proposals to placate the considerable criticism generated among management, union and public members of the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy.

The report, entitled "Public Policy and Private Pension Programs," concerns the potential unreliability of private pension plans as a supplement to Social Security benefits which themselves do not provide beneficiaries with a subsistence standard of living. [See "The Pension Mirage" by Merton C. Bernstein, *The Nation*, July 15, 1964.] In summary, the major problems are: private plans cover a minority of privately employed workers; only a small proportion of those covered will achieve benefit status because eligibility for full benefits depends upon retirement after long service with one employer, whereas innumerable forces separate employees from jobs long before retirement; even eligible former employees sometimes find the pension cupboard bare.

To overcome these deficiencies the Cabinet Committee report recommends that, as a condition of continued favorable tax treatment, plans "vest" employees with a portion of their pension credits after fifteen years of service with one company—with the portion vested rising to 100 per cent after twenty-five years of service. (In the 1962 version, initial vesting was called for after ten years.) This is a dubious remedy because the overwhelming majority of single-employer plans already provide for vesting under these or more liberal conditions, but the overwhelming majority of separated employees have fewer than fifteen years or even ten years of service. The committee did recommend "serious study" of one proposal recommended by Mr. Bernstein: the establishment of a national pension clearing house to facilitate low-cost early vesting and small-employer coverage, which would enhance the achievement of pension eligibility and also promote larger benefits. Tentative though this is, it is a promising part of the report.

The committee's major proposal to assume adequate financing is to require that the cost of granting pension credits for years of service prior to the inception of the plan (so crucial to decent benefits for older workers who will retire early in the life of a plan) be funded in no more than thirty years. What value this may have can be judged from the fact that in the two most spectacular failures of funds to match claims—the Packard and Studebaker shutdowns—the plans called for just that rate of funding. The committee also noted the desirability of a UAW proposal, endorsed by the AFL-CIO, to "insure" plans so that, despite fund deficiencies, vested credits will be redeemed—a proposal of doubtful feasibility.

The Cabinet Committee report at once calls for too much and too little. On the one hand, it seeks legislation to compel behavior which it has little chance of achieving because of the voluntary (although tax-favored) nature of private pension plans. On the other hand, hoping to diminish opposition, it declares for standards of performance that fall far short of demonstrable need.

The report deals with problems that are deadly serious. But because they are somewhat long-range, they do not evoke the sharp concern of large groups of the citizenry despite the fact that millions of em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployees—both blue and white collar—have no more assurance of winning pension benefits than they do of winning at roulette. Employers resist new mandatory burdens; many unions whose pension funds are inadequate to benefit schedules also do not want mandatory vesting and funding which would divert future bargained improvements to former members.

The report may accelerate and broaden debate over the adequacy of private-pension plans, but only if significant groups of workers register their concern over patent shortcomings in present-day plans will serious improvements be undertaken.

A Little More Poise

According to all reports, and allowing for the chronically hopped-up quality of American journalism, the gloom at Cape Kennedy after the Leonov-Belyayev flight was thick enough to cut with a knife. In one of the more stoical accounts, *Newsweek* (March 29) told how our boys "glumly went through the final dry runs for their three-orbit flight. . . ." Just a few days later, after Grissom and Young had maneuvered their Gemini 3 in space, spirits rose so high on the American side that one would have thought the accomplishment of President Kennedy's command to get Americans on the moon by the end of the decade was practically at hand. Setting a target date, even with reservations, was perhaps good politics, but it was bad engineering: the project is one that does not lend itself to scheduling that far ahead. It is equally unwise to get into a manic-depressive state about it. The Russians may be ahead or they may be behind; either way, they seem to take it with more equanimity than we do, and theirs is the right attitude in a venture so complex and so dangerous.

Both the Russian and American flights were admirably carried out and, since the two groups of astronauts have similar brains and bowels, anyone who is not besotted by the rancors of the cold war may well be proud of all of them as human beings of their special type. Both groups, also, owe much to their predecessors among scientists and engineers, both American and Russian. For instance, the procedure which enabled Leonov to float in space would have been impossible without the conquest of the bends, or decompression sickness. One of the great innovators in this field was the American bridge builder James Buchanan Eads, who met the problem not in space, but under water during the administration of President Grant, when he built the bridge that still spans the Mississippi at St. Louis. As for the changes in shape of orbit and orbital plane that Grissom and Young accomplished during their flight, the technique was worked out with astonishing exactness by German, Russian and American scientists long before Sputnik I was launched into space. Some good engineering was required, but the mathematics is old, and without the mathematics there could have been no engineering.

All this, exciting as it is (and effective in taking our minds off such disagreeable subjects as Selma and Saigon) is a long way from placing men on the moon—and getting them off. Leonov floated in space, but that he could have done anything useful, accoutered as he was, is doubtful. Our men, as one science writer put it, made Gemini dance in space with the perfection of Nijinsky, but coupling two vehicles in space will be no ballet. A hundred things can go wrong and if even one of them does, everybody is likely to be dead. The closer we get to an actual moon landing and take-off, the more dangerous the enterprise becomes. The fact that it is being conducted as a race only makes it more precarious. After his first flight, John Glenn warned that there would be fatalities. That thought should help to put the triumphs and the disappointments into perspective.

Calories Do Count

Lady, are you a size 18? Would you like to be a 12? It's easy. All you need do is take Regimen tablets. Oh yes, one other thing. Stop eating.

Mrs. Dorothy Bryce, an actress and model, weighed 173 pounds and was disgusted with herself. Her modeling career was threatened; as every girl-ogler on Madison Avenue knows, models are expected to look emaciated in a smart sort of way. However, it was precisely Mrs. Bryce's amplitude that brought her fortune and, six years later, fame of a sort. Drug Research Corporation, makers of Regimen—or its advertising agency—paid her $18,700 as the star of a one-minute commercial in which she told the TV audience how she lost 18 pounds in four weeks. Regimen was wonderful. She had tried starvation diets, pills, gum, "fancy salons" and nothing worked—until she heard of Regimen. Then off came the pounds, and all the time "I ate what I liked, even desserts."

However, the government, which often takes a sour view of such miracles, brought suit against Drug Research. Also involved were the advertising agency, Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton—and Mrs. Bryce, who was called as a government witness. Acting for Drug Research was Maurice Edelbaum, known as one of the most resourceful attorneys around New York. In this instance he proved it by screening the commercial in court while he was cross-examining Mrs. Bryce. Every ten seconds or so he would stop the film to ask her if such-and-such a statement she had broadcast was true—as for instance that she had never felt better. Mrs. Bryce would reply that no, it wasn't true. The truth was that toward the end of the four weeks of Regimen she had been living on black coffee, a thyroid extract and phenobarbital, and she felt lousy. When Dick King, then a TV producer at Kastor, Hilton, asked her how she felt, she replied, "Fine. Get the ambulance." The logic behind Mr. Edelbaum's unusual line of questioning, was apparently to show that Mrs. Bryce had misled his client by volunteering untrue statements in the commercial.

If the government's contention is sustained in this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

test case, it may well revolutionize broadcasting, video and audio alike. It has been the custom of the industry since 1923 that actors and models who appear in testimonial commercials do as they are told —if they didn't like it they could work in the five-and-ten. It is still that way. The agency writes the script, the client okays it, and the actor reads the lines. If the new concept is sustained by the courts, then when a bit of lying is done on the air, the agency that prepared the script may be held accountable along with the sponsor and, by inference, the actors might be responsible as accessories before the fact. In this instance, the actress-model who appeared as a witness seems to have been more honest than the agency. She balked at a line in the original copy that said she "ate rich desserts and potatoes with gravy." That was a bit too thick for her, but not for the agency; however, they did finally cut the line.

MOSCOW: THE QUIET MEN

1. Constellations of Lobbies

Isaac Deutscher

London

The most characteristic feature of the post-Khrushchev regime, now in its fifth month, is the unobtrusiveness and taciturnity of its leaders. It looks as though they had taken an oath that not one of them would seek popularity for himself so that none should be able to rise above his colleagues of the Presidium and establish a personal ascendancy. After the torrents of Khrushchev's loquacity, silence is once again considered golden; only absolute political necessity entitles a leader to exchange it for the silver of a public speech. And so it took a Storm over Asia to allow Prime Minister Kosygin, on his Far Eastern tour, to make his first important political pronouncements. (At home he had so far spoken in public only once, at the Supreme Soviet in December; but he did this as chief economic planner rather than as Prime Minister; and what he gave the Soviet was an almost nonpolitical annual routine report on the state of the Soviet economy.) Mr. Brezhnev, the party's new First Secretary, has not so far opened his mouth once. He has not given even the hint of a public explanation of the differences, if any, between his and his predecessor's policies. There is more than a whiff of Stalinism in this secrecy.

What is going on behind this thick veil of discretion?

Khrushchev's successors are still assessing the legacy they have taken over, trying to find out how much of it they can preserve and how much they must discard. They are also rearranging, redistributing and overhauling the levers and instruments of power. For the second time since Stalin an attempt is being made to separate to some extent the powers of party and state; the previous attempt was made in 1953, when Malenkov was Prime Minister and Khrushchev became First Secretary. Many Soviet citizens hope that much good may result from a relative duality of power; some see in it the pre-condition for a genuine growth of civil liberties. The idea has a long history: in the early days of Stalin's autocracy, N. Bukharin, the great theorist of the "Right Opposition," had reached the conclusion that "the root of all evil in our system of government is that party and state are so completely merged." It is remarkable that after nearly four decades people are now arriving at this conclusion quite independently, and are trying to get at that "root of all evil." Yet, while the prerogatives of party and state are being disentangled, each of the two machines of power is being remodeled and reintegrated so as to overcome the effects of some of Khrushchev's divisive arrangements.

The real power continues to reside in the party. The First Secretary still carries far more weight than does the Prime Minister. Yet so fearful and jealous are his colleagues of his power that they have so far prevented Mr. Brezhnev from coming forward even as first among his equals. For the time being, the Presidium has indeed done away with all order of precedence so that not a single one of its members should be able to benefit from it. In these circumstances the slight pre-eminence which Mr. Kosygin has just gained by his appearances and utterances in Hanoi, Peking and Pyongyang may not be welcome in Moscow. To counteract it, Mr. Brezhnev may well step into the limelight.

It is clear, thus, that "collective leadership," the diffusion of power among Khrushchev's successors, is real enough at present. The Presidium makes all important decisions on domestic and foreign policy. It meets frequently, once or twice a week. In an emergency or in an international crisis, it can be called together at a moment's notice. It can act swiftly and with determination, as long as it is not torn by a sharp internal division. In case of such a division the cumbersome Central Committee assumes its role as the party's supreme authority and the process of decision making becomes complex and slow.

I do not propose to indulge in the Kremlinologists' favorite game and to discuss personalities and speculate on the chances of Messrs. Podgorny, Suslov or Voronov, and on their respective attitudes toward either Brezhnev or Kosygin. The hierarchy of these Kremlin stars is highly capricious and elusive. It is also largely irrelevant, as those who so recently saw Khrushchev as the irremovable dictator and Frol Kozlov as his heir apparent, should have learned by now. Far more stable, important and clear are the basic alignments on which the men of the Presidium depend, for neither the Presidium nor the Central Committee acts in a vacuum.

Within the Central Committee

Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and around it there are powerful lobbies and pressure groups that represent multiple sectional interests in a perpetual interplay of conflict and common action. The spokesmen of the most powerful lobbies have direct access to the Presidium, whose sessions they often attend, if not as parties to conflicts, then as experts and consultants.

Here is a tentative listing of these lobbies and pressure groups in the approximate order of their importance:

(1) Nuclear scientists, managers of nuclear plants, heads of the military nuclear services and the men in charge of outer space experiments. Compared with the other "conventional" pressure groups, they are a small, though growing, body; much younger than the others, more compact and quite exceptionally self-confident. As a group they handle between 10 and 15 per cent of the net national income, or between 17 and 25 billion rubles that are annually allocated to scientific research, nuclear armament and outer space navigation. The members of this group are undogmatic, or they combine Marxism with an ultramodern scientific outlook; they know how indispensable they are to party and state, and are completely unafraid of the party bosses. (It is, for instance, an open secret in Moscow that nuclear scientists are the chief patrons of the artistic *avant-garde*: they take under their wings the unorthodox poets; they buy abstract paintings and sculptures; and in this way they enable "modernistic" artists to stand up to the wrath of Ilyichev and the other art censors.)

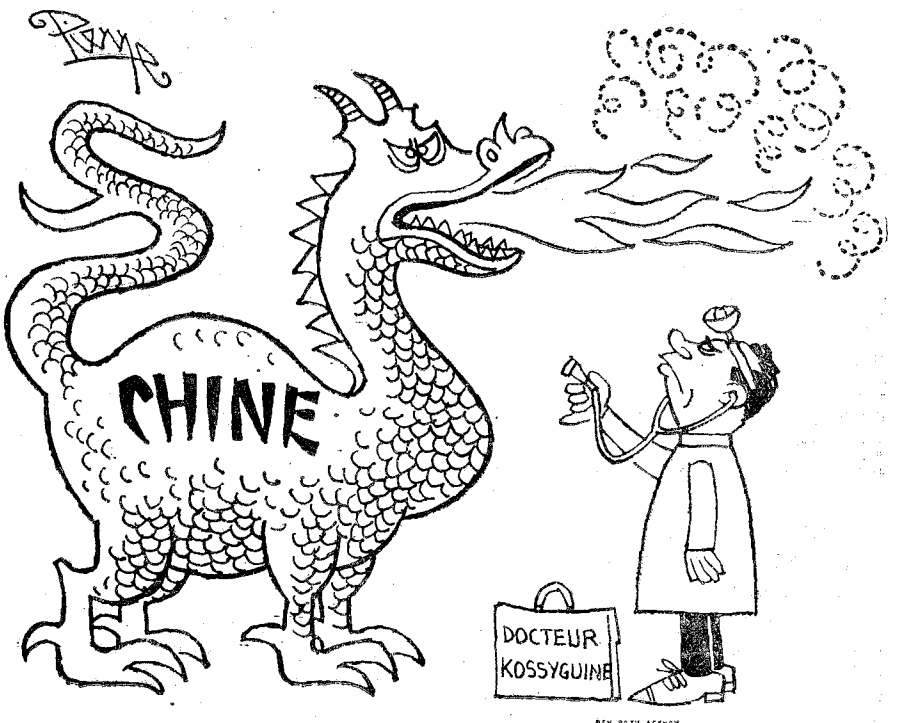
(2) The chief planners and managers of heavy industry and of engineering still represent the largest single economic interest in the state. The power of this lobby, however, has been weakened by the antagonism between its central Muscovite elements and the various republican and provincial managerial groups. The central managers suffered a signal defeat in 1957-58, when Khrushchev disbanded the All-Union economic Ministries; now the balance seems to be shifting back in their favor. The men of this lobby work through the Central Planning Commission, the Councils of the National Economy, and directly through the Central Committee.

(3) The Trade Union lobby, organized in the All-Union Council of the Trade Unions, has an important say in economic planning as far as it concerns issues of social policy and of the national wage structure. Although the Trade Union bosses represent the interests of the employer-state vis-à-vis the workers, they must also, to some extent, voice the desires of their immense membership, which comprises about 70 million workers and employees. This lobby has been responsible over the last decade for narrowing the wide discrepancies in wages and salaries, and for shortening working hours in industry.

(4) The lobby of municipalities partly overlaps the Trade Union lobby. Its importance arises from the fact that since Stalin's death, only twelve years ago, the urban population of the USSR has increased by about 50 million souls —as much as the entire population of Great Britain, or France or Italy. The demand for housing has grown incomparably faster than the housing space provided; and the municipalities and the trade unions have had to press the demand for living accommodations on the ruling group, especially in the last few years, when construction has been falling short of the Plan.

(5) The agricultural interest is represented on the one hand by the well-organized and influential chiefs of the state-owned farms, the *Sovkhozy*; and, on the other, by the timid and rather unrepresentative spokesmen of the collective farms, the *Kolkhozy*. State farming had gained much from Khrushchev's decision to bring under the plough vast areas of virgin land —the new farms on those lands are state-owned. However, since the partial fiasco of the experiment, the *Kolkhoz* lobby has been gaining some ground; and it has been further strengthened since Khrushchev's departure.

(6) It is not quite clear where exactly in this list the officers corps of the conventional military forces ought to be placed. Its influence has fluctuated violently in the post-Stalin era. Twice it reached peaks: at the moment of Beria's downfall, in the summer of 1953; and by the time of Molotov's and Kaganovich's demotion, in the summer of 1957. The phantom of a Soviet Bonaparte then hovered over the Russian scene; it was laid in the autumn of 1957 with Marshal Zhukov's eclipse. There are signs of a recent rise in its influence, possibly because the conventional forces are recovering part of their old strategic importance. However, for a variety of reasons (the continuing predominance of the nuclear services and the departure of the famous but aging marshals of the last war), this lobby is not



Pierre: Aux Ecoutes, Paris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

likely to recapture the power it had between 1953 and 1957.

(7) The leaders of the many academic institutes and their coteries derive much influence from the relevance of their research to issues of national economy. In combination with the nuclear scientists and advanced managers, this lobby has been pressing hard for speeding the tempo of automation, for the modernization of planning techniques, for the extensive and systematic use of computers.

(8) The journalistic and literary lobbies are important for propaganda, so the party leaders and the men of the party machine are sensitive to their pressure. But they are frightened of the dissent spreading among young writers. The power of that dissent showed itself lately in Moscow's Union of Writers, when in an election an overwhelming majority rejected the official candidates and elected "heretics" to the union's board.

Any classification and characterization of these lobbies is bound to be schematic; it cannot reproduce the immense reality of the pressures and counterpressures that are active in a quasi-Socialist state with nearly 230 million citizens. Across the lines of influence described here run the divisions between the geographic regions and the nationalities, Great Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Georgian, Armenian, Kazakh, Uzbek and others. All this produces an infinite complexity and variety of interests and aspirations acting on party and state from within and without. And the lobbies and pressure groups are themselves subjected to the pressures and counterpressures coming from the depth of society, from the mass of workers and peasants.

Khrushchev's overthrow was brought about by the exceptionally wide front which the lobbies and pressure groups had formed against him in the course of the last year of his government. Two major critical developments brought about this situation: the disastrous state of agriculture and the resultant scarcity of food; and the steep decline, in consequence of the Russo-Chinese feud, of the Soviet influ-

(Continued on page 357)

2. Legacies of Khrushchev

Alexander Werth

Paris

Those demonstrations on March 4 outside the American Embassy certainly made things awkward for Mr. Kosygin. Although it is probable that some Russians took part in the show, most of the students appear to have been Chinese, Vietnamese and Korean, with a few Africans added. The Russian authorities were right to restrain the students from invading and devastating the embassy; but the outburst developed into a major riot, in which the demonstrators savagely attacked the Russian police. There were heavy casualties on both sides, and troops had to be brought in to restore order. United States Ambassador Kohler protested, even though he admitted that the Russian police had done their best; Mr. Gromyko apologized and promised still better protection in the future. He then added another of his "warnings" against the bombing of North Vietnam which, he said, might well ruin the future of Soviet-American coexistence.

Poor Gromyko is having the worst of both worlds. The next day brought another protest — much more violent than Mr. Kohler's— from the Chinese Ambassador who, after describing the demonstration as "understandable and legitimate," pointed out that one Chinese student had been arrested and thirty injured, many of them seriously. He then said:

> *We cannot understand why the Soviet Government is so frightened of offending the United States. . . . This violence and brutality against an anti-American demonstration is contrary to all the principles of Marxism-Leninism and proletarian internationalism. It makes us ashamed and makes us despair.*

His note demanded that the Soviet Government apologize to the students and severely punish the soldiers and policemen who had beaten them up. The pictures of Russians beating Asians provided the Chinese with just the symbolic tableau they needed for their anti-Soviet propaganda.

In Moscow there is little doubt that the Chinese Embassy had something to do with organizing this demonstration. As it happened, the riots coincided with the somewhat wishy-washy "consultative" meeting of the nineteen Communist parties (seven others who had been invited did not appear) that was substituted for the December 15 meeting called by Khrushchev and expected to "condemn" or, at any rate, sharply "warn" the Chinese. Instead, the "nineteen" produced, not without much difficulty, a "compromise" communiqué. Although the Chinese had described as illegal Khrushchev's attempted world conference of the eighty-two parties, the Russians obtained recognition of the principle of such an assembly; but it was to be preceded by various "consultations" with all the parties concerned, and the communiqué also made clear that there could be no question of excommunicating anybody. All parties would be "equal and independent"; no "leading" role was any longer claimed for the Soviet party. True, there was implicit criticism of the Chinese in the communiqué's appeal to stop public polemics and to continue "an exchange of views without invective"; but the general impression left by the rump meeting is that the world Communist movement is more disunited than ever, and that the world conference has been postponed indefinitely. The mention of "peaceful coexistence" with all states as one of the aims of the "nineteen" is not likely to bring the Soviet and Chinese points of view closer together.

Have the American bombings of North Vietnam, then, made the Russians and Chinese more friendly, as the Russians themselves suggested at first? That is still far from certain, and the student riots —with the strong Chinese reaction — rather suggest the contrary. Broadcasting on his visit to the Far East, Kosygin said many friendly things about the North Koreans and the North Vietnamese, but was extraordinarily laconic in mentioning his stops in Peking. It may well be that to salve their conscience the Russians will send some antiaircraft guns and fighter aircraft to North

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vietnam; that Russian gunners and air men will accompany them is much less certain. It almost looks as though the Russians, without wanting the Americans to win in Vietnam (for this might encourage them to get tough elsewhere), do not mind seeing them bogged down in a very long war. But what kind of war? *Pravda* has been running a series by Wilfred Burchett, an Australian writer who has been spending several months with the Vietcong troops in South Vietnam. His main points are that the whole rural population, and even the Catholics from the north who "fled from communism" in 1954-55, are on the side of the guerrillas; that the "puppet regime" of Saigon cannot rely on its troops (hence the open intervention by United States Marines); that no bombing and shelling of villages can break the spirit of Vietcong; that this is a "people's war"; and that the South Vietnam government is riddled with Vietcong agents, even inside the American offices in Saigon.

Burchett does not discuss what would happen if the United States Air Force tried to wipe out Hanoi and every other city in North Vietnam; but Soviet diplomats to whom I put the question said this: "That kind of near-genocide is technically conceivable, but do the Americans really want to be detested throughout the Third World, not to say throughout the world generally? And suppose they wipe out North Vietnam, where do they go from there? The trouble is that the Chinese would, in a way, *welcome* such American behavior: it would put us Russians on the spot; it would blow peaceful coexistence sky high; we rather suspect that the Chinese want the Americans to hang on to Vietnam, and thus keep the perpetual tension alive. We don't want to get involved militarily in Vietnam, but we simply cannot ignore what is going on there and pretend that all is lovely in the coexistence garden."

As for the French, they make it plain that they do not support United States policy in Southeast Asia on any account, and are pressing for an international conference —without the Chinese, if need be. They sharply criticize the British Government and recall that Attlee, in 1950, acted with far greater vigor to stop Truman from giving MacArthur his head. The reported Wilson Plan for setting up an independent South Vietnam government coalition that would exclude the Vietcong is considered wholly unrealistic in Paris, the Vietcong having the largest following in the country.

So, on the whole, the Russians see their best bet in working hand in hand with the French. Their view is that, with its strategic position in Europe, France cannot be ignored by the United States forever. The appointment of Mr. Zorin, a Deputy Foreign Minister and a very big shot in the Soviet hierarchy, as Ambassador in Paris is no accident. It is the most important diplomatic appointment since Litvinov was sent to Washington during the war. France, whose opposition to MLF proved decisive, is considered by the Russians very important in all areas of the world, and its weight will grow if what Walter Lippmann called "global anti-Americanism" develops. This "Paris-Moscow axis" is reflected even in French local elections where the enmity between Communists and Gaullists is not nearly as sharp as it used to be; the French Communists openly approve most aspects of de Gaulle's foreign policy.

The present Russian *rapprochement* with France (and why not, after that, with the rest of Western Europe?) has perhaps much deeper reasons than Franco-Russian agreement on Vietnam. It seems reasonable to suppose that Russia will, as far as possible, remain passive in the Far East (unless the United States goes to wild extremes, which Russia is desperately anxious to avoid) and concentrate on "normalizing" relations with the West, with or without the United States. Moscow has shown great interest in the long-term European settlement project sprung by de Gaulle at his last press conference, complete with a "final" settlement of the German problem. Below all the froth of Marxist-Leninist ideology, there are the permanent interests of Holy Russia as a nation and as a state. Public opinion in Russia is more and more anti-Chinese and pro-Western; hence the warnings and appeals to America not to wreck "peaceful coexistence."

Nevertheless, the Soviet structures remain in place and there is no question of a "return to capitalism." In fact, everything shows a considerable opposition at the top even to extending the profit motive, financial autonomy and market-economy principles on the lines recently adopted by Czechoslovakia. According to a recent issue of *Communist*, the chief ideological journal, the emphasis must still be on central planning and on a highly structured economy. Market economy was given a temporary boost in 1963, and then buried, and the same seems to have happened again; local experiments with a textile mill and a clothing factory have not been carried further.

But has there been, since Khrushchev fell, a sweeping liberalization of the regime? There is no serious reason to suppose it. Very recently, Michel Tatu, the able correspondent of *Le Monde*, returned to Paris after seven years in Moscow. He had had considerable trouble with the Soviet authorities, and his articles are rather bilious. Nevertheless, his main criticisms cannot be dismissed as sheer malevolence. These are, apart from the familiar ones about agricultural mismanagement and much incoherence in the economic system (an incoherence partly arising from Khrushchev's hasty improvisations), the following:

> *De-Stalinization was carried out in a sort of shamefaced way; the camps were emptied, and the "excesses" of Stalinism done away with; but essentially the system did not change, nor did the leading personnel, whether in the party or even in fields like journalism, where the same people held top jobs under Stalin. No figures were ever published on the extent of the deportations or "rehabilitations," still less any lists.*
>
> *Although the 3 A.M. knock on the door, followed by unexplained arrest, is a thing of the past, people are still scared. Much arbitrary injustice can still be done by such an ostensibly "democratic" institution as the "comrade court," which can deport an individual as an anti-social "parasite"—without the culprit's being able to appeal against the sentence, except possibly if he is a party member.*
>
> *Although the police had its wings clipped in 1953, it is still very powerful. In 1962, the MVD (Ministry of Internal Affairs) became the MOOP (Ministry for the Protection of Public Order), and has under it the traffic police, the criminal police and the "anti-hooligan" police. But the real heir of the Cheka, GPU and NKVD is the State Defense Committee under the authority of*

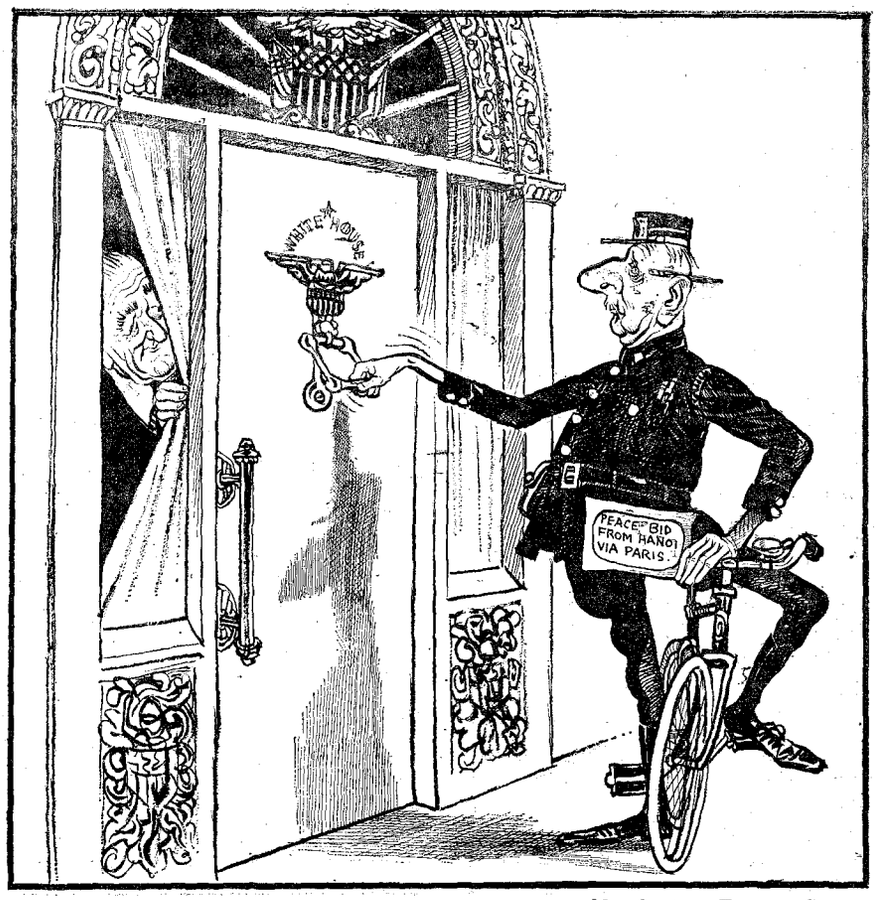
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Central Committee of the party. It deals with espionage, crimes against the state, major criminal offenses, economic crimes and "suspect behavior" — which covers a multitude of sins; even the telling of political jokes. Its methods are preventive, rather than punitive; but people continue to fear being called in by the police for "paternal talks"; hence many Russians still show a certain nervousness about meeting foreigners: any such meeting may be followed by an invitation from the police to "come and have a chat." Following such a chat, the police can arbitrarily have a "culprit" thrown out of his job as a "suspect" or a "parasite." Similarly, local party committees can "manipulate" the "comrade courts" which sentence people to deportation on charges of "parasitism" and the like.

Tatu admits that all this is little or nothing, compared with what went on under Stalin; but it is bad, and it continues under "K's" successors. Tatu is particularly severe with the Ideologists, especially the Ideological Commission (the former Agit-Prop) of the Central Committee. He speaks of the "philosophical and theoretical indigence" of the ideological apparatus, which admits of no debates, and goes in for ex cathedra announcements. Its change of line has made "ordinary people" completely cynical, and its muddled and incoherent terminology, full of words that might mean anything or nothing, has played into the hands of Chinese propaganda. And yet this ideological apparatus (under which "centralism" and "democracy," "national sovereignty" and "proletarian internationalism," "personality cult" and "respect for the leaders" are hopelessly jumbled) is an absolutely essential part of the System; it decides, to take a simple example, that in 5,000 daily papers the name of Khrushchev shall disappear overnight.

There follows, in Tatu's analysis, the famliar Djilas argument that a New Class gets the best of everything: special shops, priorities for theatre tickets, rest homes, cars and *dachas*. He tends to deny that this is an aristocracy of merit, and suggests that these people are inside the "magic circle" that surrounds the levers of power.

Khrushchev had a mixed attitude to the New Class, this "first cousin" of the Western bourgeoisie. The career of his son-in-law, Adzhubei, shows that he was guilty of the most



Macpherson, Toronto Star

blatant nepotism; at the same time, he tried to "democratize" education, without much success. Today, "a worker's son gets into the university if he has the desire and the capacity; the son of the New Class gets in anyway." And, above all, he never goes back to the proletarian condition.

All this is something of an overstatement. Apart from the "common mass" of industrial workers (who figure prominently on posters and have very little political say), the peasantry (whose standard of living varies from very good to very bad) and the small employees (who live poorly), there is, on the fringes of the New Class, a vast intellectual and technical sub-elite of many millions of people, an admirable product of Soviet education. At one extreme are the liberal intellectuals, highly critical of the System and forming a more or less discreet opposition; at the other extreme are the "boy scouts" of the Komsomol who, either in genuine faith, or with an eye to social promotion, go through all the motions of the perfect Soviet man or woman. Between these two are the millions of technicians and scientists (mostly in the $120-$200-a-month income group) who get on with their jobs and bother as little as possible about politics. Science and technology are thus both the essence of the System and, paradoxically, the best escape from the System. To the above groups should be added the millions of teachers and doctors (the latter mostly women) who live a hard life but show an exceptional dedication. Last summer their wages were at last raised some 30 per cent from a mere $60 or $80 a month.

As for the liberal intellectuals, they not only had a very hard time under Stalin but also many ups and downs under Khrushchev (he treated them with the utmost shabbiness in his March 8, 1963, speech). Today there are welcome signs that a more liberal phase has set in. The present activities of *Novy Mir*, the leading literary monthly, are a case in point. Under the editorship of Mr. Tvardovsky, *Novy Mir* was outspokenly anti-Stalinite; it is enough to say that it published in 1962 Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich* and the parts of Ehrenburg's *Memoirs* most critical to Stalin, and even Victor Nekrasov's Travel Notes on Italy and the U.S., which aroused the fury of the ene-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mies of "ideological coexistence" with the West, among them Mr. Khrushchev himself. In the January issue, several of the writers blasted by Khrushchev in 1963 have reappeared; Nekrasov, Yevtushenko and Ehrenburg among them. Further, it carries some remarkable unpublished writings by Akhmatova and Pasternak, all far removed from the official Socialist-realist canons. Tvardovsky, in a ten-page "manifesto," appeals, in effect, to the party to give the widest possible latitude to writers. He declares that, as in the past, he intends to publish writers of the most different styles and manners, giving preference to simple, though not oversimple writing ("in our classical tradition") but also leaving room for works which, "though alien to formalistic refinements, need not shun new forms of expression when these are justified by the contents."

He denounces the "falsity, faking and make up" still to be found in much Soviet "realistic" writing; argues that it is time writers stopped concentrating on "heroes" and gave some attention (as did Chekhov) to "the little man"; he deplores "bogus historical memoirs" and much other historical writing in Russia; he also dwells on the writer's pioneering duty to show up the evils of Soviet reality. It is not enough for the author "to supply artistic illustrations for decisions already taken at the top":

> *The author is of real help when he honestly and boldly studies life far below the surface and reveals something new and important which has perhaps never yet been published in the press or in any official documents.*

In other words, Tvardovsky defines for the writers in Soviet society a reformist role something like that of the Russian classics under Czarism.

Referring to the opposition to further anti-Stalinite concentration-camp stories, Tvardovsky pleads that Solzhenitsyn should be given the fullest freedom to write; his talent is so many-sided that he need not write about camps any more. This, obviously, is a protest against attempts by the old Stalinites to banish into silence the author of *Ivan Denisovich*, the literary landmark of recent years.

For all its cautious wording, the Tvardovsky "manifesto" is an act of real courage, as is also the whole table of contents of this remarkable issue of *Novy Mir*. It holds out the promise of a more liberal cultural policy now that the "bad" Khrushchev period (1963-64) is over. It is also significant that Akhmatova should have been elected to the board of the Russian Union of Writers, and that Alexander Prokofiev, one of the most rigid Stalinites (he engineered the revolting trial of the poet Joseph Brodsky, deported for five years as a "parasite") should have been outvoted in the Leningrad Writers' Union. It looks as though the present rulers recognize the need to give writers greater freedom—even though the old Stalinites in the Ideological Commission may still have many brickbats in reserve. But how much liberalism will be allowed depends also, of course, on what happens in the international field.

Constellations of Lobbies

(Continued from page 354)

ence over the Communist camp. Another factor was the widespread and explosive discontent of the working class, caused in the main by the wage freeze which Khrushchev had been tacitly imposing on industry over a period of four or five years. The full impact of this factor is becoming apparent in the latest information from the USSR. According to certain Soviet opposition circles, which may be described as near Trotskyist, Khrushchev's downfall was preceded by a strike of all workers in Moscow's great ZIS motorcar factory and by many turbulent strikes all over the Donetz Coal Basin. In the Donetz Basin troops were allegedly brought out, and bloody clashes followed in which 200 strikers were killed or wounded. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the reports about the events in the Donetz Basin, but I have reason to believe the information about the strike in Moscow. The strikes were economic, it seems, and with no political element in them. But they induced the Trade Union lobby to turn against Khrushchev and assist in his overthrow.

While the Soviet press has not given its readers any inkling of these events, Khrushchev's successors have had to begin their term of office by canceling quietly his wage freeze and promising an immediate and radical expansion of the housing program.

These are the real issues and pressures that shape Soviet policy. They are much larger and far more dramatic than any of the personal rivalries at the top of the party hierarchy which fascinate most Western Sovietologists. These fundamental issues decide the outcome even of the personal rivalries; they determine how, in what direction and in whose favor, the lobbies and pressure groups exercise their influence at the level of the Central Committee. This fact accounts for the cagey behavior and the silence of Khrushchev's successors: the situation is too tense and grave for them to risk speaking out. The lobbies are far more powerful and active than they were under Stalin and Khrushchev; and there is no saying how they may be affected by the restive moods of the intelligentsia, the workers and the peasants.

And, amid all the international alarums and domestic difficulties, a major political event is approaching: the 23rd Party Congress, due to be convened in the second half of this year. Before the Congress assembles there must be a simulacrum of public debate; and the debate might even become real. At the Congress itself the leaders will be expected to report on the Central Committee's work since 1961, to give some account of the Khrushchev crisis, to define their own attitudes and policies, and try to gain the prestige and the public confidence they so urgently need and still so conspicuously lack. The Congress may, of course, be postponed beyond the statutory four-year term. But in that case the leaders would merely admit that they are daunted by their tasks. Such an admission would underline the lack of ideological and political authority at the top of the party hierarchy and would deepen and aggravate what is already a national crisis of confidence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ethics in New Medicine

TISSUE TRANSPLANTS . . . Francis D. Moore, M.D.

Conservatism in medicine is a posture of comfort. The physician who lets a patient go his way with little more than a squeeze of the hand, a pain pill, or a knowing look to the relatives, can console himself that it has been this way before. It is also the easiest way. Then when another physician comes along to state that a certain disease can indeed be removed, but by a new and difficult procedure after careful study by new biochemical discriminants, the conservative is disturbed. He sees his authority challenged. He feels a deep uneasiness that many of his ways may soon become outmoded, particularly if he is inexperienced in, or unable to understand or perform, the new procedure. He becomes outraged when he discovers that several of the new operations have resulted in fatality rather than cure. Therefore, with the strong conviction that he is protecting the welfare of his patient, he claims that this new departure is still only experimental, and therefore unethical.

Postgraduate education in medicine is devoted to surmounting this innate conservatism. It is a tribute to the medical profession that each year thousands of doctors return to sources of learning to refresh their sense of the "tried," if not always the "true" in the sense of widely proven. Practitioners who return periodically to hospitals, where challenge of the old is a way of life, find that they overcome this human tendency to entrench, crystallize and defend an unchanging art.

Nevertheless, the history of such positions against advance, positions taken on the ground of ethics, is long and illustrious. It ranges all the way from the use of ether in

childbirth to the use of aseptic techniques in the operating room, from the prevention of puerperal sepsis by isolation to the removal of brain tumors, and finally includes even the repair of valvular diseases of the heart! An older and more conservative generation has each time looked askance at these new ideas and new procedures and, at some point in heated controversy, has declared them unethical.

And yet, some are! Some "innovations" are indeed quite unethical and unacceptable! How should we consider the transplantation of goat glands to restore the waning virility of the elderly male? Or the treatment of arthritis by irradiation from outer space? Or the administration of small doses of creatine diluted in water, to raise the hopes of cancer patients . . . at a price?

How can the lay person, the legislator or the newspaper writer steer his way through such controversy? What values provide guideposts, what criteria are standards for acceptability in medical innovation? How is one to regard the newest entry in this field, an entirely new kind of surgery: the transplantation of organs from one person to another?

As new fields of clinical science emerge, they come under fire from many directions. The commonest criticism is that new procedures are experimental and therefore their employment in the care of patients is immoral. It accomplishes little to point out that all of medicine is in a sense experimental, and that most of the daily tasks in practice—large or small—are in a very real sense tentative, insecure. No one can ever take for granted his mastery over nature. One must always approach his conquest of natural forces with a high sense of risk, of uncertainty and of experiment. One must seek the same clever skill employed by the glider pilot who rides air currents that at one moment support him upward, and the next—if miscalculated—dash him against the hillside. This simple idea, that applied human biology involves the hazard of repeated experiment, applies to all of medicine and surgery. A few examples will suffice.

A surgical operation employs bacteriology in just this way. An open incision bares large areas of sterile human tissue to the invasive bacteria of the surrounding world. Cutting, sewing, dissecting the tissue, an operation becomes an experiment employing techniques of bacteriology to avoid bacterial infection. If performed properly, the tissues will heal without infection; if faults and breaks occur, there is infection. Soon after Pasteur and Lister showed the bacterial nature of infection, it became obvious that "every surgical operation is an experiment in bacteriology."

When a physician gives his patient digitalis for the first time, he is carrying out an experiment in pharmacology. If he has misjudged the dose because of some unforeseen abnormality in his patient, he must readjust his prescription on the basis of the electrocardiogram and the heartbeat, working just as carefully as the scientist who manipulates a highly controlled system of variables in the laboratory.

Even such a commonplace operation as exploratory laparotomy for acute appendicitis, undertaken as an emergency in the midnight hours, harbors an element of experiment. "We are not sure what's the matter with Johnny, but we better have a look. If it *is* acute appendicitis, we can remove the appendix; if it is not, we are running little risk."

Each patient and each patient's disease is different from the last or

---

Francis D. Moore is Moseley Professor of Surgery at the Harvard Medical School and Surgeon-in-Chief at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston. His work has been in gastrointestinal surgery, surgical metabolism and transplantation (much of the pioneering work in kidney and liver transplantation has been done at Peter Bent Brigham). Dr. Moore's writings, in addition to many technical books and articles, include the recent Give and Take: A History of Transplantation *(Saunders-Doubleday, 1964).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the next. Each necessitates a rigorous approach to the phenomena of nature, of humanity and of illness. These in themselves are reasons enough for the continuing emphasis on biological science in medical education.

When we turn from these everyday uncertainties of medicine and surgery to the more troublesome aspects of entirely new treatments for critical illness, we pass from smooth sailing into choppy waters. The same experimental aspects are there, but now uncertainty is accentuated. The doctor can no longer tell his patient the chances of success or failure because he does not know them himself — nor can he minimize the risk.

At the present time, the patient dying of kidney failure has but two things to look forward to, other than a lingering and unpleasant death. One is a program of repeated dialyses or "blood washings" (on the artificial kidney) at high cost, bringing no possibility of release from the shackles of repeated procedures, sensations of waste accumulation, and reattachment to the machine. The artificial kidney has brought new hope to many patients with short-term kidney disease capable of healing and recovery. But for highly destructive kidney diseases, such as chronic glomerulonephritis, chronic pyelonephritis and chronic polycystic disease, these repeated dialyses are but a series of temporary makeshifts — a way of staying alive but hardly a way of life.

The other choice is to have a kidney transplantation. This carries many uncertainties and several risks, both at the operation and later on, as well as hazards for the donor if a living donor is used. But despite these factors, kidney transplantation has reached the point where many patients are now alive and well, up and about, and at home and at work, free of repeated dialyses, but still on medication, with their transplants working well. To arrive at its present station, however insecure, this work has taken fifty years of gradual evolution and fifteen years of intensive research in America and Europe.

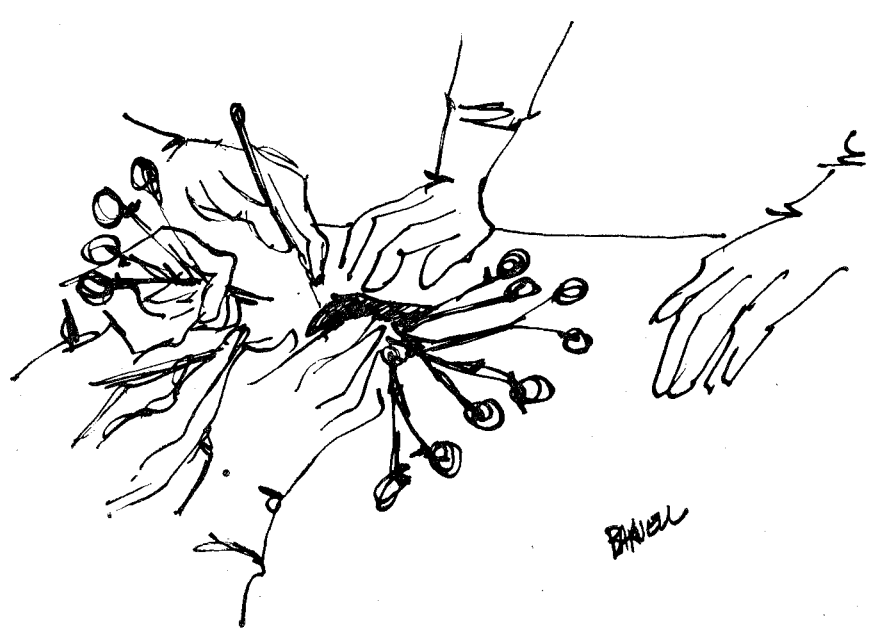
The first long-term survival after homotransplant of a kidney (a homotransplant is a transplant between nontwin members of the same species) was in the spring of 1962, eight years after the first identical-twin transplantation. Up to the autumn of 1964, almost 500 kidney transplantations had been carried out in this country and abroad, involving many different relationships between donor and recipient. Of these, the large majority have been done since March, 1963; for these, no one can possibly claim "long-term survivors!" It is now, as this procedure is gradually emerging from a small and tightly controlled research study to more widespread use, that the ethical question is being raised: is it ethical to offer a kidney transplant to a patient dying of kidney failure?

"Good science is ethical science." Applied human biology finds meaning only in assistance for human suffering. In viewing any new therapy as an experiment in human biology, it is possible to draw up certain guidelines that will support its ethical and moral climate. These guidelines are much the same for any medical advance or clinical research, but for each there are special problems and details to be served to meet the humane standards that all must seek.

The *first guideline* requires that the patient and his family be brought to an understanding of the alternatives through conversation and education. It is asking too much of a suffering patient to expect from him a final decision; he has neither the dispassionate view nor the background in biology required for such a decision. Yet he must be enabled to understand what lies ahead, what the possibilities are, and to enter the procedure of his own free will and clear assent. Even more important, this gives him a positive motivation to aid and assist his doctors. It is never possible to impose good surgical care on the unwilling; there is tangible gain in the confidence and cooperation that comes from education and understanding.

This education will tell the patient and his family what a transplant really is, how it is done, how it is sutured in place, the meaning of urine output, the use of immunosuppressive drugs and many other details. He should understand the risks, the question of timing, the utility of repeated dialyses, the various donor possibilities and the experience of the hospital group. Any patient with a good background in high school biology soon comes to understand a remarkable amount about any new medical procedure.

The newest operation needs the most ancient clinical judgment for its success; the *second guideline* is, therefore, that each patient must receive the best and most experienced medical care available. No operation or medical procedure can stand alone. It succeeds only with the assistance of all the rest of modern medicine and surgery, the help of many doctors, nurses, blood bankers, laboratory technicians, and the participation of that whole constellation of human activities encompassed in the modern hospital. While an isolated research institute may contribute much to the idea, its most effective implementation is in the skilled environment



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a busy hospital service. Consultation among doctors provides the checks and balances that avoid excess of one view, or a one-sided bias in interpretation. When four or five keenly interested persons are concerned with the patient's care, under the guidance of one of their number, there is a healthy openness of view that exemplifies the freedom of communication and sharing of knowledge so essential to the care of complex illness.

Work on man must be the culmination of an effort, not its initiation; the *third guideline* is that preliminary study in the laboratory by the doctors doing the work (not someone else!) must yield enough skill in performance and likelihood of success to justify the attempt. The so-called "great advances" of modern medicine, no matter what their nature, have had a sound basis in laboratory work before they were moved to the clinic. This basic laboratory groundwork makes their clinical application not a mere adventure, but the establishment of a new routine. When this important guideline has been neglected, with an attempt to make the "great leap" straight from the test tube to the patient, tragedy has resulted. The one example in the transplant field wherein the boundaries of ethical acceptance appear to have been crossed shows up at this point. The initial transplantation from chimpanzee to man was well based in laboratory work on blood grouping; but the subsequent series of attempts to place baboon kidneys (and even other organs, some of them obviously too small to do the job) in man, represented a premature step based on inadequate laboratory work. It is quite possible to set up experimental interprimate heterografts (such as monkey to baboon, or monkey to anthropoid apes) which could have tested this fundamental hypothesis that immunogenetic acceptance might somehow be achieved more readily than with homografts.

The exact locus of the laboratory in any advance of applied human biology depends on the nature of the work to be done. No dogma is effective for all. In cancer chemotherapy, for example, the only available animal model is the small laboratory rodent—rat or mouse. Spontaneous or transplantable tumors in larger vertebrates (permitting study and care resembling that in man) are but rarely available. In other fields, such as active immunization against poliomyelitis or measles, the final step somehow has to be made, and it is still a big one. It involves considerable hazard even though the circumstances are less spectacular than a surgical operation. The initial test with vaccines is made cautiously and with small doses. It should never be done on captive or primitive populations who cannot understand the risk.

In transplantation research this long step from test tube to man was taken only after a decade with the dog. The size of the dog, the size of his blood vessels, the ease of his care, the frequency with which blood and urine tests can be made, and the ability to judge fine gradations in his clinical status by physical appearance alone, have all made study in the dog basic not only to the science but also to the ethics of transplantation in man. Antivivisectionists please take note: there could be nothing more shocking than moving straight from the rat to man with the transplantation of organs!

And finally, as a *fourth guideline* of the utmost importance, each patient's case must be studied, documented as carefully as possible, and made available to the general view. The study and documentation of each case must be so complete and accurate that any interested person can come to the hospital and spend a few days or weeks reviewing and challenging the procedure or the data — and learning from them. There can be no toleration of secrecy. Every compound used, every procedure employed, must be fully known and made clear. When the time comes, the collected experience must be published with everything displayed, results both good and bad, so that the openness of modern science can be satisfied. There have been no breaches of this faith in the transplant field. Several transplant centers have now banded together to place data on computers for complete analysis. Any doctor in the world may join this project, so that his statistics, his failures and his successes are freely made available for all to see.

But helpful as these guidelines are, no one of them fully answers the question unique to transplantation—what about the donor? For the first time in the history of medicine a perfectly normal, healthy person has now been subjected to the rigors of a major surgical procedure and the removal of an organ, to help another.

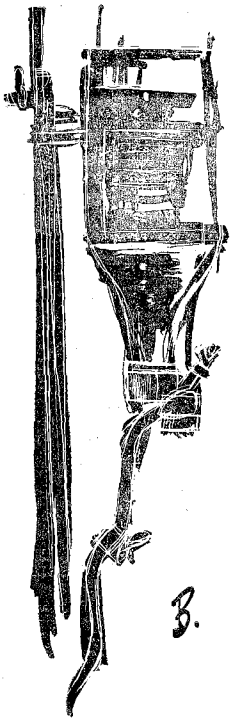
The principle of injury to one so as to help another is common throughout nature and is basic to the Christian ethic. Examples are to be found in the protection of its young by hazard to the mother, or when one person has sacrificed himself to help another, in war or peace. But in these natural phenomena and altruistic events, there has never been a third party—the physician—*advising* the individual to take this risk. It has been an emotional rather than an intellectual decision, and a matter of personal choice.

Medical science began to invade this field about 1915, with the development of blood donation for transfusion. Here the injury appeared to be minor and the body had methods to compensate. The hazard in blood donation lies not in any threat to the donor but in the threat to the recipient by the transmission of disease.

The initial step in organ transfer was taken in 1954, with the first of the identical-twin transplants. Up to September, 1963, thirty-three identical-twin transplants have been carried out in the world, of which twenty-two are still alive with kidneys functioning well. The success of identical-twin transplantation has become sufficiently assured so that it scarcely arouses a question of morality with regard to the recipient—who is dying from terminal kidney disease. But as it bears on the donor, the ethical problem is as pressing and urgent now as it ever was, and is just as severe for the identical-twin donor as it is for the unrelated person, or for the father, mother or brother who seeks to be a kidney donor.

There is no simple unitary ethical solution for kidney donation from a living person today. Nephrectomy (removal of a kidney) carries a risk and a mortality. When enough have been done, it will be found that one has resulted in fatality. When enough have been done, it will likewise be found that a subsequent injury to the opposite kidney has resulted in significant loss of function, shortening life. The likelihood of a donor's losing the use of his remaining kidney is very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



small, and has been estimated as being in the same range as an automobile fatality, yet probabilities and statistics are inescapable. Such a major procedure as nephrectomy will surely exact its price when finally enough have been done.

It is clear that the first priority in donor development lies in better methods for preserving kidneys from recently deceased persons—a situation that completely side-steps the use of the living donor. This is still a research problem (though many cadaver kidneys have functioned well), but it is a research problem with an ethical overtone. Until cadaver kidneys can be used for all, the living donor (closely related to the recipient) still yields the best chance for success. Some important principles appear to be as follows:

First, every effort should be made to assure the maximum donor-recipient tissue compatibility. Despite advances in this area during the past year or two, the most reliable criterion is still that of close family relationship.

Second, one must be assured that both kidneys of the donor are quite normal, that there is no disease of the upper or lower urinary tract, and that kidney donation will involve only the risk of nephrectomy itself.

Third, the donor, just as the recipient, must understand the risks, the alternatives, the hazards, the discomforts, and most especially the uncertainties in the enterprise. If the donor is an identical twin, the prospects for success can be described with reasonable optimism. If any other relationship, then the prospects in all their uncertainty must be outlined clearly.

But surely the most important thing, as mentioned above, is to move away from the living donor entirely. This requires intensive study of cadaver organ procurement, and the definition of those factors in the recently deceased that bias the health of the remaining tissues. When the brain and heart are dead, then the patient is said to be "dead," even though many of his tissues are still alive, respiring in a blood stream increasingly devoid of oxygen, accumulating acid, but still alive for a few more minutes and salvageable for life in a new host. The care of the dying patient must never be compromised by impending tissue donation. The finest tissue bank in the world is the body of a person recently deceased from causes not damaging the health of transplantable tissues. Death from certain types of injuries, heart disease or brain tumors has provided many useful tissues. If cancer, infection, chronic vascular disease or just plain old age enter the picture, then the organs are of little use or actually dangerous to another. Herein lies a whole new field of endeavor in which we, as doctors, need the help of lawyers and legislators to give us legal guidelines to steer us through the uncertainties.

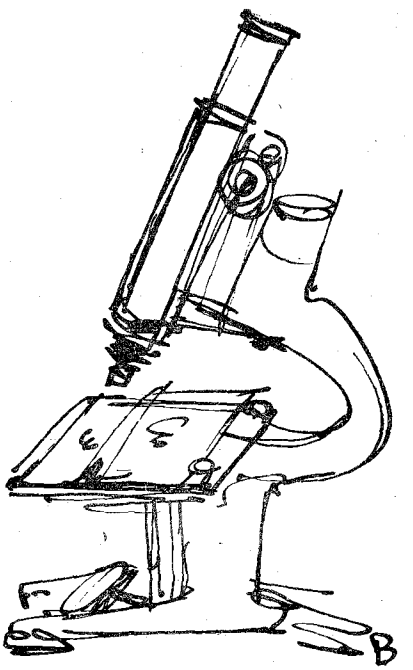
It is ironical to find that while tissue transplantation itself is being called into ethical question, in point of fact it is giving an entirely new meaning to human generosity as living persons or families of those recently dead make free donations of tissue for the assistance of others. The ethical lesson of kidney transplantation may turn out to be on the side of the Good Samaritan rather than the Evil Scientist!

It is a curious fact that although the general questions of ethics are not appropriate for examination by the methods of science, nonetheless a strong ethical flavor runs through all of science —"good science is ethical science." What are these features within science which give it ethical stature?

"Experiment is perilous and decision difficult." In that well-worn phrase, "perilous" and "difficult" indicate two of the ethical values in scientific experiment: courage and persistence. Other values have to do with rigorous personal honesty in viewing and displaying the results of scientific research, without prejudice, with a dispassionate discrimination, and with the self-discipline required to make a judgment valid. Those who enjoy the privilege of science must spend many years acquiring an education so as to make their work meaningful. Ethical values in science include also such things as openness of communication, exchange of information, avoidance of secrecy, willingness to educate the young and the avoidance of selfish gain.

Every few years the public is affronted by some spectacular example wherein a self-styled scientist has kicked over these traces, and sought a quick victory over nature by disobeying these inner ethics of science. But science is a stern taskmaster; transgressors are brought to a bitter judgment.

Examples are to be found in those goat-gland transplants. Though hardly science in any term, they were most assuredly devoid of the ethical content of careful study, openness of method, documentation, and analysis of results. The Nuremberg trials showed us another failure of ethics in experimentation. When a so-called "scientific experiment" was conducted wholly at the expense of the welfare of human beings, nothing good came of it. Even



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the experimenter himself was finally debased and prostituted.

Most recently in the public press there has been described a flagrant example, wherein science has shown that its own inner ethic must indeed be obeyed and respected. A person of previous scientific achievement has evidently tried to convince the public of the effectiveness in cancer treatment of a compound the identity of which he kept a secret—and indeed it truly was a secret, because as it now turns out, he himself did not know what it was! Instead of education and openness, careful trial, clear publication, controlled results, documentation of good and bad clearly shown for all to see, advocacy here was on the basis of hearsay about a secret and unknown compound, based on testimonials from random patients. A travesty on all the guidelines we have discussed! And then, with a fitting irony, downfall came through the study of a scientist working in the laboratory and obeying the basic ethic of honesty and rigorous examination. While examining this highly publicized "cancer cure" by infrared spectroscopy, he found it to be creatine—a commonplace material present in large amounts in the bodies of all cancer patients.

The study of patients is always more difficult and complicated than the study of controlled experiments in the laboratory. Sick people can be difficult, demanding, biased and fickle; controls are hard to conceive and devise. The patient's own emotional involvement and that of the doctor himself often provide false evidences of success. Persons working in clinical research (research in patient care) are as much in need of special education for this complex work as is the physiologist working under highly controlled conditions in the quiet of his laboratory. Five years ago, the field of tissue transplantation was in a very difficult phase of clinical research. Then came the demonstration of immunosuppressive pharmacology by scientists working with the New Zealand white rabbit. There was then a period of advance clear for all to see as studies in the dog confirmed their findings and were moved to man. But now again the field of tissue transplantation has been advancing more slowly, awaiting its next stepwise upward progression. As this is written, several new modifications are coming along, any one of which might make tissue transplantation safer and more effective. Until then, the toilers in this vineyard must work with the methods they have, respecting some such guidelines as these, for ethics in the pursuit of *veritas*.

It is most appropriate to raise ethical questions at a time like this, not only to strengthen and shore up the procedures of each group working in the field of transplantation but also to challenge the critic and put him on his mettle to show cause why this particular advance of medical science should be any more suspect than another. The laboratory scientist tends to be critical of the clinician, the physician of the surgeon; these petty chauvinistic antagonisms should never cloud the real issues of ethics and acceptability in applied human biology.

Tissue transplantation, like other advances of the past, will react to the welfare of mankind if explored and exploited within the ethical bounds of science itself. Honesty and self-discipline must be held as values of the same importance as the very essence of all medical ethics: the welfare of the patient.

How Democracy Returned to Vietnam

Bernard B. Fall

For years people had been saying that the Vietnamese were not "ripe" for democracy; that the state of war that existed was no time to play around with "instant democracy"; and that, anyway, if the elections were even halfway honest, the Communists would win them. On the other hand, even the foreign advisers in Saigon had finally realized that the continued military support of a totally nonrepresentative government had not only become untenable but was playing right into Communist hands. Still, the objection that the elections might well run *against* official wishes had to be met. Also, one had to decide what kind of elections were to be held: village, provincial or national. The compromise solution arrived at provided an intelligent middle way: elections would be held for village and municipal councils on a no-holds-barred basis. Only the Communist Party itself would not be allowed to offer candidates. A few months later the elected local councilors would in turn elect provincial assemblies; and those would elect a National Assembly.

That indirect process was perfectly in keeping with democratic principles. At the same time, by involving in its higher stages a relatively small and physically protectable group (that is, not local peasants subject to Communist terrorism and direct pressure), it insured a relative amount of freedom of choice. To be sure, there still existed the risk that people would be elected whose opinions stood for outright neutralism and an end to the war—but that, the advisers in Saigon felt, was a risk worth taking.

"What the hell," said one of the advisers, "I'd just as soon *really* know what the Vietnamese are thinking. I don't mind if they're against us, just as long as they're against the Communists. And if the majority of them wants us out—swell, then we'll have a perfectly good reason for going home."

The Communists were not particularly happy at the prospect of unfettered elections in the non-Communist areas of Vietnam. They issued an order in which they carefully laid out plans for sabotaging the forthcoming local elections: kidnaping of candidates, anti-government propaganda, capture of ballot boxes, and so on. They discarded the idea of running camouflaged candidates of their own because they wanted to discredit the elections altogether, rather than

Bernard B. Fall is professor of international relations at Howard University and author of Two Viet-Nams: A Political and Military Analysis (*Praeger*).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

win them. The idea of the Saigon regime ruling by "dictatorship" was so firmly entrenched abroad and served their propaganda so well that it was important not to disturb that particular image.

For once, the Saigon regime and its advisers did the right things: in order to forestall infiltrators, each voter had to satisfy a one-year residence requirement in the voting district; and to prevent nepotism, civil servants and members (or relatives of members) of the incumbent government could not run for office in the local elections. Soldiers on active duty could vote but could not run for office—which kept the army out of politics.

Some pressure and political maneuvering was involved in the classification of villages as "safe" from enemy attack. Some of the villages complained that they had been barred from holding elections—the provincial governor decided on that issue in conjunction with his military colleague—on political rather than military security grounds, because the provincial governor had a personal bias for one particular political group. Thus, in the northern areas, where the right-wing nationalist *Dai-Viet* [Great Vietnam party] held sway, the governor declared at first only 687 out of 5,861 villages as "safe." He relented somewhat after many local protests and (as he had foreseen) was defeated at the polls by a slate of candidates who ran on the following program:

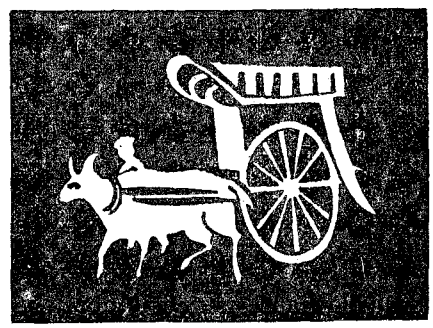
(*1*) Universal suffrage for national elections (women had been barred in the municipal elections).

(2) Replacement of all appointed mayors and village chiefs by elected ones.

(3) Elimination of "foreign influences" in the local economy.

(*4*) An end to the war.

Interest in the election was high: 87 per cent of the registered voters cast their ballots in the northern area; and 85 per cent in the south. In the more sophisticated Saigon area, the election proved fascinating. As was predicted, nobody wanted to continue the war, but there were many shades of difference on how to end it. A nationalist-conservative list of candidates advocated a cease fire but with the continued presence of foreign troops and advisers as a guarantee from a Communist take-over. A large Catholic labor ticket ran on a threefold program of "immediate cease fire, negotiations with the Communist side [and] neutrally controlled elections." But the most improbable ticket was that headed by the Trotskyite-Marxist president of the Saigon Taxi Drivers Union. The Trotskyites had always been strong in Saigon and, in fact, had elected two municipal councilors as early as 1936 (to the scandal of the French *colons*). The orthodox Communists hated them; in fact, Ta Thu Thau, the Trotskyite leader,



had been murdered near Saigon by the Vietminh in 1946. Thus, in the present election, the Marxist-Trotskyite slate, while predictably advocating an end to the war and to "foreign interference," also advocated a Vietnamese government uncontrolled by the Communists.

Much to their own surprise, the foreign advisers in Saigon found that no one really was out to surrender to the Communists at *any* price. To be sure, there was much criticism of the elections: the fact that they had been held in January —that is, in Vietnam's busiest rice-planting month—was considered a mistake, corrected later in part by holding complementary elections in June for villages cleared in the meantime. Vietnamese villagers take intense pride in their community (a fact often overlooked by outside observers) and resented being classified officially into black and white sheep. The most impressive aspect of the election was that the Communists, by and large, failed to disrupt it. A score or so of candidates had been kidnaped, and in one case six actual Communists had been found attempting to run in the election, but otherwise it had gone without incident. In the northern areas, where the *Dai-Viet* party controlled the administration, ballot-box stuffing had been attempted; but the opposition candidates had poll watchers at nearly every box and foiled the attempt.

On the basis of that first success, Saigon decided to hold the provincial council elections in October. A total of 602 provincial councilors was to be elected in forty-four provinces. This time, of course, the electoral process took place in the provincial towns only, but interest again was high: there were close to 1,600 candidates for the 602 posts. Quite a few important personalities ran, as it was obvious that the next step could carry them into the national legislature. There were several senior Buddhist priests, a Catholic bishop, several former cabinet ministers, the leader of Vietnam's Socialist Party, et al. By December of that year, the Provincial Assemblies functioned for the first time. Democracy had scored an impressive victory in Vietnam.

But as they had always done before, both Saigon and its foreign advisers now became afraid of their own boldness. It was all well and good to have some sort of electoral base—but that base pointed in the "wrong" direction, after all. An end of the war on the basis of neutralization, particularly at a time when the Communists were winning on the battlefield, would obviously play into the latter's hands and would have a disastrous effect in the whole Southeast Asian area. And, anyway, more American aid and advisers had been promised to win the war, or to achieve at least a position of strength from which to negotiate. Therefore, the decision was made *not* to take the third step and create a national legislature on the base of the elected provincial councils.

That was all the Communists had been waiting for. They immediately set out to discredit the whole election process as a "fraud designed to impose the continued rule of the imperialists over the Vietnamese people," and were, in view of the government's sudden silence on the subject, widely believed. Slowly, the 3,650 village councilors and the 602 provincial councilors returned to their erstwhile anonymity or to the traditional game of Saigon politics. And non-Communist Vietnam's timid attempt at true representative government died. A few months later, the South Vietnam Government collapsed.

* * * *

All this took place in war-torn Vietnam between December, 1952, and December, 1953. The "foreign" ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visers had been the French. The Catholic neutralist labor leader was Ngo Dinh Nhu, murdered exactly ten years later with his brother Ngo Dinh Diem.

After eight years of crassly fraudulent elections under the Diem regime, the Saigon military juntas promised "honest" village elections in the controlled areas of South Vietnam, to be held on March 21, 1965. That technique, following the long-forgotten French pattern of 1953, would have permitted the eventual building of something that could be called "popular will."

A curt communiqué issued in Saigon at the end of February, 1965, annulled the promised village elections. Obviously, the Vietnamese villagers are free to die for Freedom, just as long as they don't raise a clamor to have Democracy along with it.

Electric Power: Runaway Rates

Ronnie J. Straw

This much is certain—that if we control it instead of permitting it to control us, the coming electrical development will form the basis for a civilization happier, freer and fuller of opportunity than any the world has ever known. For good or evil, for economic freedom or industrial bondage, the change is upon us. . . . Either we must control electric power or its masters and owners will control us.—Governor Gifford Pinchot, transmitting the Giant Power Survey Board report to the Pennsylvania General Assembly in 1925

Governor Pinchot's warning is forty years old, but today's consumer has reason to raise the same issue. In 1964, Americans paid $14 billion for electricity; its cost is reflected in almost every consumer item—clothes, automobiles, household goods, food. Power is today the nation's largest industry in terms of investment; its growth is phenomenal (the Federal Power Commission predicts that it will triple in size by 1980), and already its profits are at all-time highs. By any standard, the electric power industry has become a giant of the industrial world.

The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association recently took a close look at earnings of 106 power companies scattered across the country. These constitute roughly one-half of the commercial segment of the industry, and if they are typical the association's study indicates that the consumer is being overcharged very close to $1 billion annually for electric power. From 1956 through 1962, the 106 commercial utilities overcharged their customers slightly more than $3.4 billion. The total overcharges of individual companies ranged from $4,000 to $186,476,000 over the seven-year period studied by the association.

The overcharge figures cited in the report are based on data which the companies themselves have filed, as required, with the FPC in Washington, D.C. They are based on the assumption that 6 per cent is a fair rate of return for a utility operating in a protected monopoly market. This figure is widely accepted; periodically, the Federal Power Commission, in cooperation with the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, publishes a report which includes a section on rates of return prescribed or found reasonable within limits by commissions. Generally the rates reported range around 6 per cent for electric utilities.

Over the seven-year period, 7 of the 106 utilities earned an average rate of return less than 6 per cent; 37 utilities earned between 6 and 7 per cent, 39 between 7 and 8 per cent, 17 between 8 and 9 per cent, 3 between 9 and 10 per cent, and 3 earned 10 per cent or more on their investment.

In terms of maximum annual rate of return, the Tucson Gas Electric Light & Power Company earned 7.9 per cent and the Arizona Public Service Company earned 7.2 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that the Arizona commission considers just and reasonable a rate between 5.1 per cent and 6.5 per cent. In Delaware, the prescribed return fixed by the commission was 5.8 per cent, yet the Delaware Power & Light Company earned 8.1 per cent during at least one of the seven years.

In Arkansas, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana and Michigan the just and reasonable rate is 6 per cent. Yet the Arkansas Power & Light Company earned up to 7.2 per cent during the study period; the Kansas Power and & Light Company, 7.6 per cent; Kentucky Utilities Company, 7.5 per cent; the Louisville Gas & Electric Company (Ky.), 7.7 per cent; the Louisiana Power & Light Company, 8.1 per cent; the Central Louisiana Electric Company, 9.0 per cent, and the Detroit Edison Company (Mich.), 7.1 per cent.

Seven of the companies studied achieved a maximum annual rate of return of 10 per cent or more. The big companies in this group were Montana Power Company, Southern Nevada Power Company and Texas Electric Service Company.

The NRECA charge of excessive rates of return is corroborated by other studies, particularly those

The Ten Largest Overcharges: 1956-1962

Commonwealth Edison Co. (Ill.)	$186,476,000
Pacific Gas & Electric Co. (Calif.)	129,620,000
Virginia Electric Power Co. (Va.)	118,416,000
Texas Electric Service Co. (Tex.)	114,405,000
Houston Lighting & Power Co. (Tex.)	111,891,000
Appalachian Power Co. (W. Va.)	107,274,000
Public Serv. Elec. & Gas Co. (N.J.)	106,226,000
Ohio Edison Co. (Ohio)	103,187,000
Georgia Power Co. (Ga.)	93,274,000
Texas Power & Light Co. (Tex.)	92,812,000

Ronnie J. Straw is staff economist of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conducted by Arnold Hirsch, a public utility consultant of Washington, D.C., and by Martin Toscan Bennett Associates, also a Washington concern, for two Virginia municipalities.

The power industry is sensitive to criticism, and release of the NRECA overcharge study has resulted in a series of shrill denials. Many of the companies have fallen back on a traditional defense of the industry: "We must be right because we are regulated." This position raises basic questions of public policy that have troubled students of utility regulation for years.

Is the application of regulatory theory fully effective when lags in the regulatory process allow utilities to earn more than the rate deemed just and reasonable by their state commissions? Is regulatory theory fully effective when undermanned regulatory bodies must match wits with the highly paid corps of skilled lawyers, accountants and economists on the payrolls of the private power companies?

This statement from a recent issue of the Miami *Herald* illustrates the problems:

> *The state's rate-fixing agency has nothing in its records to refute or support claims of an outside expert that Florida's two biggest utilities are overcharging customers. . . . The near empty files of the Florida Public Utility Commission offered little last week except the suspicion that it is regulating the utilities by ear. Or at best, by scratch pad.*

The Florida Public Utility Commission's general counsel told the newspaper that public apathy handicaps the effective operation of the commission, which has only ten men on its field staff to inspect the books of 200 utilities. Three of these men cover the Miami area, where there are more than seventy utilities.

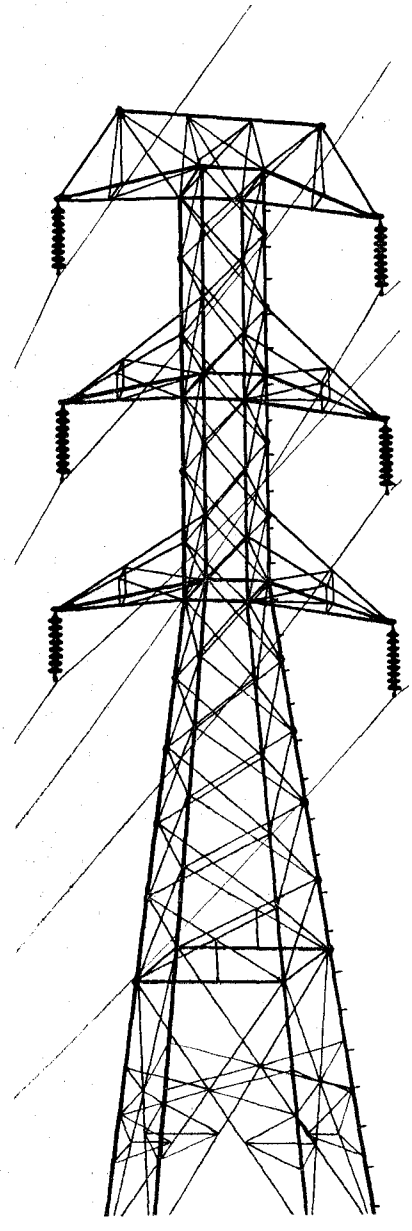
The need for constant scrutiny by regulatory bodies was emphasized by FPC Chairman, Joseph S. Swidler, in a letter to Sen. Jacob Javits in 1963:

> *Undoubtedly, a significant portion of excess revenues, regardless of how computed, are the result of rates which were reasonable under the regulatory authorities' standards when first accepted, but which may now require revisions because of changes in current operations. Effective regulation requires periodic review of rates previously approved. The public must be assured that in addition to new and revised rates, the regulatory agencies are also reviewing existing rates to determine what changes may be necessary.*

Regulation is at best a highly complicated tool for controlling monopoly industries. In theory it protects the public; but like other tools it must be kept efficient, up to date and abreast of the industry it regulates.

Evidence has mounted in recent years that the regulatory process has stood still while the industry it attempts to control has leaped at a fantastic rate. Many students of the power industry question whether regulation alone can ever fully protect the consumer. Among these doubters is former FPC Commissioner Howard Morgan, who has stated:

> *Regulation must be supplemented by programs that—in addition to their own roles—provide the yardsticks and the competitive, restraining forces necessary to assist the regulatory commissions in their efforts to hold the price of electricity to "just and reasonable" levels.*



This supplementary force is mainly provided, he pointed out, by the Tennessee Valley Act of 1933, the Bonneville Project Act of 1935, the federal power developments in the vast Missouri River Basin, and by the existence of rural electrification, municipal and other consumer-owned systems. Morgan noted that the combined result of these programs, working separately through different agencies, provides the supplementary check on public utility monopoly power which regulation alone cannot restrain.

The public interest in controlling power costs—whether by the regulatory process or competitive power yardsticks—is obvious. The elimination of overcharges would stimulate industrial development and that in turn would create jobs. It would help to bring about the redistribution of income by transferring dividend payments from stockholders to ratepayers or customers in the form of reduced rates. It would lower the cost (hence, in a competitive market, the price) of goods, which has the effect of raising all incomes.

The 106 utilities studied by NRECA collected more than $6 billion per year from their customers. In relation to electric operating income, the overcharges imposed by the companies amounted to 8 per cent of their total operating income. For every dollar collected 8c represented the amount of overcharge—money in the pockets of stockholders at the expense of the ratepayers. These utilities served an average of 31 million consumers during the study period. Each customer, therefore, was overcharged $112 over the same period.

For most American consumers, particularly those in the lower-income brackets, overcharges of this magnitude are a major concern. They raise serious questions of public policy, and the questions will loom larger as the power industry triples in size over the next fifteen years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inheritors of the Faith

THE GREAT EVASION. By William Appleman Williams. Quadrangle Books. 189 pp. $4.50.

CAPITALISM AS A SYSTEM. By Oliver C. Cox. Monthly Review Press. 367 pp. $6.50.

Milton Cantor

One reads these two books either to discover what Marxist historians and sociologists can tell us about contemporary capitalism, or as methodological inquiries into the history of ideas; that is, how scholars in these two disciplines formulate their inquiry. The first approach is customary, and the reader expects to get a "true picture" of American society as well as to become familiar with new Marxist scholarship. But the true picture must depend upon the proper questions, and neither study asks these questions. As such, both books are disappointing, for one would like to believe that the tradition of Marxist analysis is not dead in America; one would like to think that this country could—in the English tradition—develop an intellectual community which might enrich sociology, history and anthropology with unorthodox concepts of clearly Marxist origin.

Ambitious in scope, *The Great Evasion* seems to promise a major effort by a critical, fully matured mind. William A. Williams proposes to write nothing less than "an essay on the contemporary relevance of Karl Marx and on the wisdom of admitting the heretic into the dialogue about America's future." But unhappily the performance is not commensurate with this proposal, precisely because Professor Williams is weakest where his earlier work was so strong. One of the qualities that gave distinction to *American-Russian Relations, 1781-1947*, was its strain of provocative interpretation—informed as it was by impressive learning and exacting scholarship. And it is these last qualities that are missing in *The Great Evasion*.

This failure is all the more poignant because of Professor Williams' obvious and important talents; his "essay" is clearly the work of a radical and highly unconventional imagination. However, it is simply not enough to claim that Marxian political and economic thought, *mutatis mutandis*, is operative in the United States; one must prove and document its applicability. The Marxist commentator has to present a brief which, owing to hostility and to compelling contrary opinion, rests upon unassailably exacting examination of the relevant source materials. He has to look at the record and not simply extrapolate on the basis of hasty observations. Granted that social and economic conditions are parlous, that—to use Michael Harrington's apothegm—there is "another America" of about 40 million Americans who live in a culture of poverty, that one can make observations thick with *aperçus* on the deficiencies of the human condition under capitalism. But it *is* disputable that Marxism *as a system* makes sense outside the European context; and to raise again the *cri de coeur* first heard with industrialism and urbanization in Victorian England is not enough; it is essential to support generalizations—even the most obvious and most valid—with evidence.

Certainly it is hard otherwise to swallow the old chestnut that "American capitalism has never since 1861 functioned effectively enough to decrease economic misery over any significant period of time, save as it has been stimulated by war or cold war." The findings of any number of economic historians confirm otherwise. Gabriel Kolko, Clarence Long, Albert Rees, Stanley Lebergott in his important recent study, *Manpower in Economic Growth*, all conclude that real wages have risen steadily since the Civil War, and Professor Williams must qualify or enlarge. The rising trend may be somewhat exaggerated, and it is most striking during World War II, but it is a fact of life; it does affect the lower-income bracket, and it has to be examined. It is equally difficult to endorse the claim of "increasing proletarianization and increasing misery" for the United States. Nor will it do to shift suddenly to America's "informal empire" in order to confirm this assertion; at least not in any dialogue which focuses primarily upon modern capitalism and which, for Marx, was meant to so focus. Very likely "the rich are richer and the poor poorer" in South America, as Professor Williams maintains, but Marx did not have Peru or Bolivia in mind when he explored the impoverishment theme and any commentary, to be persuasive, should make the United States its vital center. A radically unequal distribution of income has been characteristic of the American social structure since the Civil War, and one-third of the population does have an income too meager to be self-sustaining. But income distribution has been steady for at least two decades, while income levels have been rising. Because we reject the myth of an across-the-board prosperity, and have some doubt about Lipset's or Kuznets' sweeping theories, there is no compelling reason to accept Professor Williams'.

Nor for that matter are there grounds for endorsing other apparently careless generalizations advanced in *The Great Evasion*. "The expansion of the marketplace," which Professor Williams finds has governed Marx's thinking and which explains the Civil War, is little more than a variation upon the Beardian theme—the economic diversity caused the conflict (agrarian South versus industrial North)—and is no more persuasive now than when the Beards first advanced it. The claim that slavery was viewed "as an economic phenomenon," as the author affirms—rather than as a great moral issue which agitated Americans—does not withstand close historical scrutiny. Although he comments justifiably upon Marx's unwillingness to explain human action in terms of simple economic determinism—"Marx was no such fool as that. He was quite aware that men could and did act from economic motives, but he also realized that they could and did act on the much broader basis of thinking"—the admission is neglected or blurred.

Professor Williams' analysis of the War of 1812 is persuasive (the Taylor-Horsman thesis makes good sense), but even in this instance claims such as "national honor"—which prompted a substantial Congressional voting bloc—should have merited *some* attention. The Mexican and the Spanish-American wars were obviously re-

Milton Cantor is on the faculty of the University of Massachusetts and the managing editor of Labor History.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sponses to land hunger and to market needs, but again the single-mindedness of Professor Williams' approach precludes a full statement of causation and hence does not serve us well. By the same token, his assertion that "the pure and committed bourgeoisie judged slavery a serious challenge to the . . . free entrepreneur," also discourages serious thinking on the subject. As an assertion it is not absolutely wrong, but there is an exclusiveness about the tone that puts other claims to our understanding in the shadow: e.g., the "bourgeoisie"-controlled Republican Party which was lily white; Lincoln's willingness to tolerate slavery where it existed, in the states, but not where it was negligible, in the territories; the political implications of the territorial struggle for the South.

Our participation in still another conflict, the First World War, is described as the decision of "top economic and high political leaders," who felt that "the United States could not risk being excluded from what appeared to be the probable reorganization of the world's marketplace." I dislike abandoning the maxim that great events must have great causes, but there is no need to function with such single-mindedness as to attribute Wilson's decision or, for that matter, his Fourteen Points, wholly to market motives. "It is possible . . . that Marx could be wrong and still offer insights relevant to contemporary problems," Professor Williams acknowledges, "and it is conceivable that he was correct in defining the problems themselves, even though his prophecies may have been wrong." No one will cavil at such a proposition, and one can only wish that the author himself recalled it—before attributing almost every war in which Americans participated to economic expansion.

Similarly, insouciant reflections float indigestibly in the Marxist soup. Adherents of the radical Right, the author contends, "are intensely and perceptively conscious of the structural changes within capitalism," a conclusion that possibly rewards Goldwaterites with mental endowments which they do not possess and that ignores their heterogeneous background. After all, the right wing includes H. L. Hunt and Billy James Hargis, the marginal farmer in North Dakota and the real estate salesman in Alabama. Many, to be sure, seek to "recover, maintain and use the power they once enjoyed"; but for some, loss of status is purely a mental aberration; for others, Goldwaterism represents status which they lack; and many are motivated by a largely unconscious, non-status-induced hostility toward society.

One can go on at length. The analysis of Russian motives for placing missiles in Cuba; the questionable assessment of Jonathan Edwards, which redefines him as a social commentator and ignores his *sui generis* religious thought; the misreading of James Madison and John Quincy Adams, thereby placing them among the champions of the "true community"; the utterly unproven assertion which equates juvenile delinquency among upper-middle-class youth with loss of status by family heads; the finding that "many mental disturbances are but manifestations of alienation"; the flaccid, non-"Marxist" definition of "proletariat" as a "moving line" which cannot be functionally explained—all of these topics are subject to expansion and criticism.

Professor Williams does, to be sure, make some compelling observations. Witness, for instance, his assessment of Herbert Hoover, in which he catches that President's unique and much neglected contributions. Or his explanation of the depression's impact upon the individual and the family, though one wishes that Professor Williams went on to show how this very personal reaction to distress worked against any response based upon understanding of objective economic conditions. Then there is his insistence that Marx's view of man and society is romantic, that it corresponds to the Greek idea of "the honor of the freeman, the free state," which is consonant with Marx's concern for the full development of man's potentialities.

In the larger sense, one cannot adequately stress the respect which Professor Williams deserves for his persistent refusal to be "clubby," for the primacy which he gives to ideas—rather than to discrete pieces of historical data—in an age when most historians have rejected ideas per se; and for the distinction he makes between attacking ideas and attacking the person who holds them. I have felt compelled to take issue with several of these ideas, but I would like to leave the impression of the book's value—which is, at least, as a set of caveats as well as a disturber of the academic peace.

Oliver Cox is equally unmindful of the need for high skepticism. He, too, allows devotion to Marxism, with its ideological a prioris, to dominate his descriptive data. His book, *Capitalism as a System*, is a curious volume and one wonders to whom it is addressed. Often little more than a primer in historical materialism, it offers standard descriptions of the breakup of feudalism and the rise of towns; the growing dependence of secular rulers upon merchant capitalists and the role of the latter in the thrust of empire, the religious accommodation to capitalism, the workings of foreign trade, and the prospects for exploitation in China, Africa and Latin America. Professor Cox's treatment of the historical background is rather old-fashioned and, for a Marxist, surprisingly noncontroversial. Except for his persuasive exegesis on Max Weber, he is not intellectually venturesome and pays little attention to recent scholarship, particularly in American history.

No body of ideas has bewildered scholars with more *ignes fatui* than the Marxian. Too many writers have collected their own thoughts under its rubric; Professor Cox has a tendency in this direction. It simply will not do, for example, to claim that "the masses of people . . . had few if any of the bourgeois psychological drives toward hard work." To be sure, he is writing in the context of Daniel Defoe's England, but his observations throughout are intended to be universally applicable. Witness his next paragraph, for instance, when Andrew Carnegie is mentioned in a passage devoted to "the lavish spending among capitalist groups." But to play this parlor game (one fashionable in the 1930s) is to neglect spatial and temporal limits. We know that there are fundamental differences in social behavior between, for instance, the entrepreneurial elite of Germany and of the United States in the late 19th century; just as we know that the American worker, owing in part to his infatuation with the Ben Franklin spirit, has refused to accept his historical mission as the gravedigger of capitalism. The author himself admits as much when he finds that organized labor in "leading capitalist nations has been pro-capitalist"; surely this is in part due to a conviction as universal as Lydia Pinkham's pills that industry and thrift—"the bourgeois psychological drives toward hard work"—would be crowned with success.

Professor Cox has written an unsatisfactory book precisely because his generalizations are so elusive, so loosely and thoughtlessly advanced; because they do tacitly deny distinctions of time and place. Marx, for instance,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advanced a unilinear view of history, assuming that slavery, feudalism and capitalism were definite phases in the development of Western society. Capitalism and middle-class society were, for him, inextricably linked, and the contention that capitalist means of production might have arisen in any other historical circumstance was exactly what he sought to refute. Ignoring distinctions in social organization, Professor Cox assumes that the same set of theoretical generalizations are as applicable to the Hanseatic, Flemish and Venetian economies as they are to mercantilism and modern capitalism. Marx understood history as a process whose meaning was revealed in stages. To unqualifiedly claim that "the past leaders of capitalism" existed in 14th-century Novgorod, in the Venice of the 1500s and in the great Hanseatic cities, debases the currency of Marxist historical categories. Truly, capitalism had extraordinary viability if one can claim, as does Professor Cox, that it was "irrevocably established by the Venetians' use of the Fourth Crusade."

Imperialism is also interpreted ahistorically. In so doing, Professor Cox does not merely misread Marx, he erects impediments to understanding. Mercantilism and imperialism are not identical. Western capital investment, with or without overt political control, is not usually characteristic of mercantilism, but of imperialism. Nor is this definition of the latter fully relevant in the contemporary world. Some recognition is due the growing inapplicability of the Leninist formula in an era of emergent nations which clamor for funds for investment purposes and of investors who, with the exception of oil-rich kingdoms, prefer the higher rate of profit to be found in more developed markets. To neglect such developments; to avoid substantive comment on the implications of the Common Market; to state flatly that Socialist nations "cannot plan to exploit other peoples' resources"—after the experiences of Comecon, is a disservice to Marxist scholarship.

There are other passages in *Capitalism as a System* with which one can take issue: the failure to define terms such as "freedom" and "individualism"; the undiluted insistence that class struggle is "a characteristic of capitalist society," though elsewhere there is a contrary admission; the claim that "it would be a mistake to underestimate the importance of radical movements in leading capitalist lands" and that "continuing general dissatisfaction" prevails, again contradicted at another point by the author and by existing conditions; the challenging assertion that "foreign investment is a unique and abiding characteristic of capitalist society"; the equally questionable allegation, considering the rate of growth indices, that the Japanese and French economies have been "undermined by this movement" of backward nations seeking independence. Such *ipse dixits* overshadow whatever value the book may have. And there are passages of substantial merit. Professor Cox's summary of the techniques of colonization, and of the operations of foreign trade are judicious, penetrating, balanced. His discussion of religion and capitalism, in which the church "had to become socially and politically oriented to" capitalist aspirations, and his ancillary evaluation of religion and religious ethics, which quite properly distinguishes between them, are carried off with vigor and intelligence. Nevertheless, the impression persists that there is a dichotomy between Marxist ideas and social analysis. Consequently, there is a sense of unreality about this book.

Neither Mr. Williams nor Mr. Cox, despite their exegetical labors, has convincingly shown that the leading themes of Marx's analysis of capitalism are relevant to the economic problems and conflicts of modern America; neither has seriously grappled with the apparent lack of plausibility in the Marxist vision of a society transformed by the working class — with the declining social conflict of a class character; and neither has commented upon the declining role of property in class differences, which increasingly seems to be defined by income differentials. Neither book, moreover, has noticed the implication for Marxism of the development of competing power blocs which are organized primarily along ideological rather than economic lines. And what of the changing character of imperialism? Or of the possibility, as Adam Ulam astutely observed, that "socialism" has become the substitute for capitalism in the emergent nations? Or Lichtheim's view that the commonly held Marxian assumption has been reversed: society does not determine the state; rather, as in the post-1917 revolutionary dictatorship in Russia, the state has often sought to reshape society.

Yet Marxism will be judged precisely by its ability to render judgments in these areas and to offer a convincing assessment of the functioning of modern capitalism. The failure to relate Marxism to contemporary thought and affairs is the real gravamen of my criticism. What is needed are studies which grapple with the predictive values of Marxism within the context of present-day capitalism, and which seek to determine whether Marx's economic categories have been made obsolete by the American experience. "The evolution of Marxian thinking since 1918," George Lichtheim contends, ". . . has not kept pace with the growth of socialist influence in the western world and beyond." Neither of these books offers any reason to believe that things have changed.

Marx As Muse

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN. By Christina Stead. Introduction by Randall Jarrell. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 527 pp. $5.95.

Jose Yglesias

When *For Love Alone* came out in 1946 — inevitably bound, it seemed, for the 49c remainder counter at the Concord bookstores—some of us who had been reading Christina Stead for years argued about why it received no attention. We finally decided the jacket cover — for we were optimists then—was the reason serious readers were not being drawn to it: the critics, we knew, only followed fashions. When *Letty Fox: Her Luck* came out two years later with a romantic, cameo drawing of a pretty girl on the jacket, proper only to a Grace Livingston Hill Lutz novel, we shook our heads about Christina Stead's shortsightedness in allowing her publishers to misrepresent her work. In the next six years, she published two more novels, neither as ambitious as her previous ones (though *The People With The Dogs* is a charming work: it occupies that

Jose Yglesias is a novelist (his first book, A Wake in Ybor City, *was published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston) and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lovable place in her work that *A Room With A View* does in E. M. Forster's canon). By then, like disappointed lovers, we were using the faults in Christina Stead's work to explain why her novels had never caught on.

She was old-fashioned and undisciplined; her work was as corpulent and self-indulgent as Dickens'; she did not seem to know when to let go of a character or a scene. Her novels were wonderful raw material which a less detached, more economical, more single-minded writer—look how even her style changed from novel to novel or even within the same novel—would have reworked. Still, someone would always say, *The Man Who Loved Children* is a first-rate novel. No, someone inevitably replied, it too is full of the same faults. She changed publishers a few times, and after 1952 she did not publish again or, rather, did not find a publisher for the work she has continued to write: that, it seemed, was that.

Now Holt, Rinehart & Winston has bought the rights to *The Man Who Loved Children,* some twenty-five years after its first publication (from Simon & Schuster, who did not know what a jewel it owned) and brought it out in a handsome edition. Randall Jarrell has written an affectionate introduction which is also appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly;* and Milton Glaser, the most fashionable book illustrator around, has drawn a decorative, pointless jacket. On the back cover are tributes from Hortense Calisher, Robert Lowell, Elizabeth Hardwick, Jean Stafford and Peter Taylor, writers whose careers were on the upswing while Stead's came to a stop. On third reading, as on the first, *The Man Who Loved Children* is a funny, painful, absorbing masterpiece, obviously the work of a major writer, but I am making no bets that recognition, other than Holt's admirable gesture, or a wider reading public than we unhappy few relics of the thirties, will finally come to pass.

For, thank God, Christina Stead is not a fashionable writer, though successful American writers of the last twenty-five years have been reworking the characters, in reduced perspective, of *The Man Who Loved Children, Letty Fox: Her Luck* and *For Love Alone.* She is doggedly in the great tradition: she has not allowed political science, sociology or the various psychological schools to rob her of her material; she has not diminished the proper canvas of the novelist. She has no quietist messages and no comforting resolutions; in this she differs from our great 19th-century novelists, but she is sufficiently like them for it to seem strange that Jarrell and Hardwick insist on her being an original. Yet she does stand apart from other modern writers, though she is a product of the thirties, and it may be that her fate will be like Dreiser's in the last thirty years—widely read in the public libraries and thoroughly unfashionable elsewhere.

It is difficult to describe *The Man Who Loved Children,* though its virtues and its subject seem to lie on the surface. In his long appreciative essay, Jarrell calls it a novel about the family: it "knows as few books have ever known—knows specifically, profoundly, exhaustively—what a family is." And he goes on to deal with the book as a reminder of "that original composite entity" which gives each person his separate being. Without critical flourishes or technical language, Jarrell explains all the elements of the book which make it such a delight: its narrative structure, its main characters, Stead's conscious technique and her innate inventiveness. Jarrell would, no doubt, be the first to concede that *The Man Who Loved Children* needs no explaining to prepare a reader for its charms, but the same thing could be said of Balzac's essay on what was once a neglected masterpiece, *The Charterhouse of Parma.* Jarrell has done a good thing: he has made accessible one sensitive reader's truthful response.

Jarrell, too, recounts his experience during the last twenty years of lending the book to friends. Everyone read it through and everyone thought it good and original and he has lost both the copies he bought. "To have this happen with a book that was a failure to begin with, and that after twenty-five years is unknown, is strange. Having it happen has helped me to believe that it is one of those books that their own age neither reads nor praises, but that the next age thinks a masterpiece." This is as close as he comes to explaining "the world's incomprehension," and one excuses him because, no matter how helpful, it is relatively easy to explain a book's meaning for oneself, but it is a risky matter to try to determine what happens to a book when it leaves a writer's hands and meets that audience which has to re-create it anew.

But I shall risk it and say that it is Stead's Marxist point of view which has delayed her recognition; she suffered, as did Brecht who was with us for many of the same years that Stead lived in America, from her audience's distrust or incomprehension of the central element in her work. It may be that her new admirers will decide, as many have with Brecht, that the politics don't matter, but *The Man Who Loved Children* is a profoundly political work—as are all her novels—and although it may be possible to ignore this now, as Jarrell does in his essay, it was, consciously or unconsciously, impossible in 1941.

The Man Who Loved Children is not just the story of a family; it is the story of the bourgeois family in the America of Roosevelt's second term, a time when Marxists were not revolutionaries, and liberals not pessimists. (How discomforting this book must have been for both!) Stead *chose* to transpose her childhood experience of family life from Australia, where she was born and raised, to Washington, D. C., to give political relevance to the experience. The Pollits, in the persons of Sam and Henny, are directly connected to the life of the city. Sam is a department head in the Bureau of Fisheries, a naturalist who has just been chosen to be a member of a semi-official, pseudo-anthropological mission to Malaya; and Henny is the daughter of a good Baltimore family whose wealthy father has made it possible for Sam to get into the Washington bureaucracy. The children of this couple—the objects of Sam's affection, the cause of Henny's drudgery—lead, it would seem at the novel's start, the expansive, permissive life of an enlightened middle-class family.

That this life is a fraud, that the family is a soul-destroying monster, that rejection and revolt is the only positive response, is always at the center of Stead's story. The narrative carries one along, and the inventiveness charms, but the solid structure of the novel comes from political ideology. One thoroughly believes the surface reasons for the Pollits' uneasy life: Sam is an idealist and dreamer, Henny a disappointed woman who cannot, as it has become customary to say, cope with circumstances more pinched than she had known; Louie, Henny's stepdaughter, occupies that special position in the family which makes her ingrown and lonely. But Stead insists on taking the scene away from the family, from the merely personal and familial, and shows how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these characterizations function in the world.

We think we know Sam Pollit from the very beginning of the novel: he is that good public man, that advocate of world brotherhood and socialism-in-the-sky, who in his family life is an omnivorous egoist, a sometimes lovable grown child. Stead removes him to Malaya and there his ideas and conduct are put to a social and political test. His behavior is a bit eccentric for a foreigner—he likes walking through the native quarters and engaging his Chinese and Indian assistants in conversation—but he is really no different from other colonials; he is an assiduous cultivator of the international set, a collector of precious goods at cheap prices, a happy recipient of gifts. He fails to help his assistants, whom he has used, when they need help. (To make this even more pointed, Stead makes his indispensable secretary a Kuomintang revolutionary.)

Jarrell has pointed out how Stead creates her world so exhaustively, so inventively: how she shifts her point of view, the tone of her language; how her climaxes are dialectically prepared; how she builds a world out of the conflict of opposites. All this is true, but Stead also tells you exactly what *she* thinks. Sam's trip to Malaya is created from the first chapter in all its actualities and possibilities, but once she has dramatized it, she will say directly, "He had gone, stupidly, for the pomp and spread-eagle of scientific societies and human uplift associations; now for the first time, he had seen the exquisite beauty, sensibility and sensuality of the things treasured by those who put others in bondage."

Henny and Louie go through the same process. Henny remains at the end, as she was at the beginning, the mother who is the victim of family life. But we are also shown how she invests her energy into obviously unsatisfactory and even more confining love affairs, and into sporadic attempts to assure herself an inheritance from the now decaying parental function. Stead draws a social portrait, and she does not count simply on human sympathy to make you feel that Henny, despite all her outrages and cruelty, is an honest person dealing with something real; Stead hopes that we will understand, as she does, that women, because of their position of semi-bondage in our society, are not capable of as much cant and harm as a Sam Pollit.

After Henny's suicide, Louie, the oldest child, runs away from home for "a walk around the world." Like all the children in the family, she is a creature of her parents' quarrels. Her refuge in art from the misery and drudgery she has inherited is right and recognizable, but Stead once again follows the character out of the family world. There have been minor indications throughout the book that the children's lives have laws of their own, that they are not trapped willy-nilly by family relationships. Louie's adolescent escape from home is not just a necessary resolution for the novel or an emotional superimposition; it represents Stead's conviction that the world of the bourgeois family is not all-encompassing. The spell has been broken: we are ready to abandon this fascinating, destructive, unjust life of a "good" man "who loved children" for our own "walk around the world."

It has seemed necessary to insist on the Marxist ideas which are inseparable from Stead's literary vision to explain why, with so many intelligent and well-read critics around (and so many hungry paperback publishers) all of Christina Stead's novels are out of print. Jarrell is right that she presents no problem for readers, but all of the literary establishments of the thirties and forties —including the Communist which was revisionist in the pejorative sense —have failed those readers by failing to deal with Stead's work. I have no confidence, as I have said, that our present establishment is any more amenable to Stead's ideology, but perhaps it is possible, as has happened with Brecht, to extract many important subsidiary virtues from her novels.

As Charles Humboldt, a perceptive Communist critic who died a year ago, used to say, great ideas come cheap: you can find them in the most mediocre encyclopedias, and Marx certainly has been accessible for a century. Many are the uses of literature, and whatever approach allows us to gain from it, whatever enriches our lives, has its validity. Yet we owe to Christina Stead to recognize, at least, what her intention is, what organizes her emotions and talent, what lends tension and drive to her creative process. She has sent a number of remarkable novels into the world; that she has handed them to *all* of us, is sufficient warrant of her generosity.

The Style of the Thirties

THE ALIEN. By Edwin Rosskam. Grossman Publishers. 209 pp. $4.50.

Norman Fruchter

Emil Bluemelein, narrator protagonist of Edwin Rosskam's novel *The Alien,* recalls the images of Puerto Rico that struck him on arrival, as a young, naive New Deal functionary eager to administer and reform:

> *Clumps of men under the cane, by the side of the endless field, slouched over — minor Atlases — under a weight heavy as earth, hating a flower.*
>
> *Nothing is heavier than the enormous annual boredom of five months' hunger. The storekeeper prods, the skin stretches over a man's gas-bloated belly: The fight with the wife becomes the edge of a sword, the man belts his kids till they run, screaming murder. What else can he do by February?*
>
> *In February the hot bite is out of the air and whole hillsides gleam mauve and silver with the blowing blossoms of the cane. The cane stands higher than the men, as it should: Cane is master.*

That prose recalls the style of the prose-photo documentaries of the thirties. Consider Rosskam's distance from the scene he describes, its generalized character in which neither the men, nor their emotions, are particular. Note the dependence on clichés ("the edge of a sword," "screaming murder"), the absence of fresh or original imagery. Finally, the cumulative structure of the rhythm is characteristic thirties' lyricism, built by the repetitive noun-verb sequences, stacked by commas, and the reiteration of key words (cane). Ironically, Rosskam contributed not to the prose but to the photographic records compiled during the thirties; he photo-edited Richard Wright's *Twelve Million Black Voices,* Sherwood Anderson's *Home Town U.S.A.,* and Oliver La Farge's *As Long As the Grass Will Grow* and, with the many other fine photographers who roamed the country on assignments from the Farm Security Administration, U.S. Department of Agriculture,

Norman Fruchter, author of the novel Coat Upon a Stick *(Simon & Schuster), is an editor of* Studies on the Left.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he took the pictures which endure as a memorable record of the ravages of urban and rural poverty in our country. The work of photographers like Rosskam, Lee, Delano, Mydans, Rothstein, Post, Lange and Evans has survived, shaming by its inarticulate power the prose it supposedly illustrates and the many novels attempting to document the meaning and the damage of poverty. The thousands of careful, sensitive pictures catch the surfaces of damage, isolation and despair, while the words, many written by honest and anguished writers, today reflect only distance from the people described. And now, after decades as a photographer, Edwin Rosskam attempts a novel and demonstrates that the documentary impulse, however sophisticated, intelligent and compassionate, can never produce significant fiction. *The Alien* is really an old man's journal, meditative and nostalgic, tricked out like a novel.

Rosskam takes on absorbing themes. His narrator, Emil Bluemelein, is an aging American finding refuge from his past and the pressures of bureaucracy and materialism in a shantytown called the Little Mud, on the outskirts of Ponce in Puerto Rico. Part of *The Alien* concerns Bluemelein's involvement with the natives of the Little Mud, his acceptance of his inescapable separateness, and his attempts to minimize it; slowly he learns the formalities, rituals and conventions of the Little Mud, so that he can interact with its inhabitants and share something of their lives. His role becomes that of watcher and listener; he eases tension and invites revelation because he is "outside" and yet part, different and yet not threatening.

The most satisfactory sections of *The Alien* present Bluemelein as observer-narrator, recording little vignettes and reporting cameo conversations with the few characters from the Little Mud he allows to come to life in his narrative: Pedrito, the knife grinder's son who helps Bluemelein attach two brass balls to his metal tree; Bicicleta, the hustler-salesman who buys a 1928 Packard without a motor and sells Bluemelein a portable merry-go-round; Don Rufo, the patriarch of the housing project and policeman-participant in the infamous massacre of Ponce. These three characters, and perhaps one or two more, momentarily interrupt, and illumine, Bluemelein's musings. But unfortunately for Rosskam, the sliver of native life that they reveal, and the shreds of their own personalities and absorptions that they dramatize, are dwarfed by the rich complexity of the documents Oscar Lewis has culled from a similar culture. Ezra Pound's dictum, that "poetry should be written at least as carefully as prose," might well be revised, given Lewis' *Five Families, The Children of Sanchez* and *Pedro Martinez,* to read that "fiction should be written at least as compellingly as documents." Rosskam is not a crude rhapsodist about the virtues of life amid Latin poverty. Only his third chapter, in which Bluemelein narrates the love of Modesta and Eloy in the form of a letter to God, does he indulge in romantic inflation. He understands and values much of the life in the Little Mud, but he cannot *create* it; one is constantly aware, throughout *The Alien,* of Rosskam, the intelligent observer, forced to create Bluemelein, the intelligent observer. The people of the Little Mud, the supposed focus of the fiction, recede into the judged distance, sparkle in cameo, are evaluated in the folds of discourse.

If Bluemelein, the alien in restless search of "island" since his boyhood, marooned on his father's farm in an endless prairie, were more than a prop and a useful persona through which Rosskam's observations were filtered, the novel might have succeeded as a dramatization of one man's odyssey toward permanent and chosen alienation. But though Rosskam can equip Bluemelein with a coherent past where problems of identity, choice, meaning and ideology are clear, he cannot make Bluemelein breathe. Bluemelein delves through flashbacks to investigate his endless search, but the scenes Bluemelein recalls are like faded album photographs—already familiar, judged and bleached of emotion or originality. These judgments hurt because Rosskam is so clearly a gentle, compassionate man, one of the very few Americans who endured and understood the inhumanities of benevolent American imperialism, the continuing failures of all our efforts to administer our poor, whether in the Lower East Side or the Little Mud. But he has understood too well. His wisdom and compassion have endured, but they have overwhelmed those root, ungeneralized responses that result in vibrant fiction. *The Alien* is useful, only as document, not as novel.

The Wobbly Spirit

REBEL VOICES: An I.W.W. Anthology. Edited by Joyce L. Kornbluh. The University of Michigan Press. 419 pp. $12.50.

Howard Zinn

Do we see small signs these days—Selma, Berkeley, and who knows where tomorrow—of the Wobbly spirit, still alive? There is a stirring among the young, and talk of a "new radicalism." The timing could hardly be better then, for the publication of *Rebel Voices.*

This is a large, handsome, blazing-red book in which Joyce Kornbluh has assembled a treasury of articles, songs, poems, cartoons and photographs, from the Labadie Collection of I.W.W. documents at the University of Michigan. Those who at some point in their lives have been excited by the story of the Wobblies, and wished it might somehow be kept alive for the new generation, will be grateful to Mrs. Kornbluh for her work.

She introduces the collection with a description of a Chicago meeting hall one June morning in 1905, when the 36-year-old former cowboy and miner, "Big Bill" Haywood, walked to the front, picked up a piece of loose board, hammered on the table for silence, and called out:

> Fellow Workers: *This is the Continental Congress of the Working Class. We are here to confederate the workers of this country into a working-class movement in possession of the economic powers, the means of life, in control of the machinery of production and distribution without regard to capitalist masters.*

On the speakers' platform with Haywood were two of the great figures of American radicalism: white-haired Mother Jones, the 75-year-old organizer for the United Mine Workers of America; and Eugene Debs, leader of the Socialist Party. Also at the meeting was the sharp-tongued polemicist of the Socialist Labor Party, Daniel DeLeon; the renegade Catholic priest, black-bearded Father Hagerty; and Lucy Parsons, widow of the Haymarket Affair martyr, Albert Parsons. That day, the Industrial Workers of the World was formed, and for the next decade (until it was crushed in the repression of the war

Howard Zinn is the author of The Southern Mystique *(Knopf) and* SNCC: The New Abolitionists *(Beacon).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make the world safe for democracy) gave the nation its first close look at a revolutionary movement.

In those years, the permanent characteristics of the United States in the 20th century were being hardened. There was the growing power of giant corporations (United States Steel had been formed in 1901). A minority of the nation's workers were organized into an exclusive trade union with conservative leadership (the A. F. of L., under Samuel Gompers, had almost 2 million members). And this era saw the inauguration of benign governmental regulation of business, supported by a new consensus of businessmen, Presidents, and reformers, which traditional historians have called "the Progressive Era," but which Gabriel Kolko (in his book *The Triumph of Conservatism*) terms "political capitalism." In retrospect, the I.W.W. appears to have been a desperate attempt to disrupt this structure before its rivets turned cold.

The I.W.W. played for keeps. Where the A.F. of L. called for "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," the Wobblies wrote, in the preamble to their constitution:

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes, a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

Against the craft union concept (what they called "The American Separation of Labor") the I.W.W. set as their goal: "One Big Union," and in each industry organized the skilled and unskilled, foreign-born and native Americans, Negroes and whites, women and men. They were fiercely militant, opposed to contracts with employers, unyielding in retaining the right to strike at all times. They were suspicious of politics for, as Father Hagerty put it, "Dropping pieces of paper into a hole in a box never did achieve emancipation of the working class. . . ." The abolition of capitalism would come, they believed, through a series of general strikes, after which workers would run the industries themselves. "By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

The I.W.W. never gained a mass membership as did the A.F. of L. At its peak, it probably had 60,000 members: miners, lumberjacks, construction workers and migratory farm hands, with pockets of influence among steel and textile workers. But it shook up the nation as had no other organization of its time.

The Wobblies engaged in dozens of "free-speech fights" in places like Missoula, Mont., and Spokane, Wash., to establish their right to speak on street corners to working people. *Rebel Voices* contains some of the eyewitness reports that came out of those campaigns. In Spokane, arrested one by one for mounting a soapbox, I.W.W. men kept pouring into town, until 600 of them were crowded into the jails, and finally the city officials, after several deaths from brutal treatment in prison, gave in to the demand for free speech and assembly.

In 1912 and 1913, the strikes organized by the I.W.W. reached a crescendo: lumbermen in Aberdeen, Wash., streetcar workers in Portland, Ore., dock workers in San Pedro, Calif. The high point of I.W.W. organizing activity, and its greatest victory, came in the 1912 strike of textile workers in Lawrence, Mass. *Rebel Voices* records the account of a strike meeting by journalist Ray Stannard Baker:

It is the first strike I ever saw which sang. I shall not soon forget the curious lift, the strange sudden fire of the mingled nationalities at the strike meetings when they broke into the universal language of song. . . .

The Lawrence textile strike lasted ten weeks, involved 25,000 men, women and children, and was watched with mounting tension by the entire nation. Paul Brissenden, in his classic history of the I.W.W., wrote: "Lawrence was not an ordinary strike. It was a social revolution. . . ." The section of *Rebel Voices* dealing with Lawrence is one of its best. There are the cartoons (a giant policeman raising a club over huddled women and children), the photographs (a portrait of poet Arturo Giovanitti, I.W.W. organizer in Lawrence), and page after page of personal recollection. A woman observer testified about what happened at the railroad station, where 150 strikers' children were preparing to leave, to stay with families in Philadelphia who had promised them shelter and food for the duration of the strike:

When the time came to depart, the children, arranged in a long line, two by two . . . were about to make their way to the train when the police . . . closed in on us with their clubs, beating right and left. . . . The mothers and the children were thus hurled in a mass and bodily dragged to a military truck and even then clubbed. . . .

There is the account of the strike by a 15-year-old textile worker in Lawrence, named Fred Beal:

. . . two Italian spinners came to me with a long white paper. The Following People Working in the Spinning Room Will Go on Strike Friday, January 12, If Wages Are Cut. *Queenie read it over my shoulder. "Don't sign it, Lobster," she cautioned. "Those wops'll get you in trouble." . . . But I signed it. So did Gyp and Lefty Louie.*

There is the testimony before the Congressional committee investigating the Lawrence strike, by teen-ager Camella Teoli:

Well, I used to go to school, and then a man came up to my house and asked my father why I didn't go to work, so my father says I don't know whether she is 13 or 14 years old. So the man says you give me $4 and I will make the papers come from the old country saying you are 14. So my father gave him the $4 and in one month came the papers that I was 14. I went to work. . . .

A parade of fascinating figures and historic events marches through the pages of *Rebel Voices*: the young, dark-haired, Irish I.W.W. organizer in Lawrence, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; the pageant put on by John Reed at Madison Square Garden for the Paterson textile strikers of 1913; the songs of Joe Hill, the story of his death, and his last cry, "Don't mourn. Organize." There are the lumberjacks and miners and harvest stiffs. Finally, there are the attacks on the I.W.W. by the government after the nation went to war in 1917.

In 1914, the I.W.W. had declared: "We as members of the industrial army will refuse to fight for any purpose except the realization of industrial freedom." A Wobbly orator said: "In the broad sense, there is no such thing as a foreigner. We are all native-born members of this planet. . . . We ought to have in the place of national patriotism, a broader concept —that of international solidarity." The I.W.W. refused to call off strikes because the nation was at war, and a Tulsa, Okla., newspaper wrote:

The first step in the whipping of Germany is to strangle the I.W.W.'s. Kill them, just as you would kill any other kind of a snake. . . . It is no time to waste money on trials. . . . All that is necessary is the evidence and a firing squad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The year 1918 brought mass arrests and mass trials of I.W.W. members charged with interfering with the war effort in various ways. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis tried a hundred Wobblies in Chicago, and John Reed wrote: "Small on the huge bench sits a wasted man with untidy white hair, an emaciated face in which two burning eyes are set like jewels, parchment skin split by a crack for a mouth; the face of Andrew Jackson three years dead."

The Wobblies went to prison. Big Bill Haywood jumped bail and sailed to Russia, where he died in 1928. After the war was over, the I.W.W. was not the same. A photo in *Rebel Voices* speaks eloquently: it shows the shambles made of I.W.W. headquarters in New York City, after a raid by federal agents in 1919.

Today, the Wobblies live, not so much in the embers of that once fiery organization, but in the people whose lives they changed. They live also in that special way in which art and literature keep the past alive—in Mrs. Kornbluh's book, or in the autobiographies of Bill Haywood, Mother Jones, Ralph Chaplin, and in Wallace Stegner's novel *The Preacher and the Slave*. But when will some audacious American film maker match the Italian production *The Organizer* with a motion picture on the Lawrence textile strike of 1912, or the Ludlow, Colo., massacre of 1914?

Half a century separates the I.W.W. from the militant wing of the civil rights movement today, but the parallels are striking. One might see a sharp contrast in the attitudes toward violence, yet the popular image of the dynamite-carrying Wobbly was overdrawn. The I.W.W. emphasis was on self-defense: the Wobblies' big weapons were the withholding of their labor, the power of their voices. Even their "sabotage" meant mostly slowing down on the job. Consider the other characteristics, however: the plunging into areas of maximum danger; the impatience with compromises and gradualist solutions; the deep suspicion of politics (even in the midst of so imaginative a use of politics as the Freedom Democratic Party); the emphasis on direct, militant, mass action; the establishment of pieces of the new world within the old (the Freedom Schools, etc.); the migrant, shabby existence of the organizer (DeLeon reprimanded the Wobblies for their "bummery," their overalls and red neckerchiefs); the songs and humor; the dream of a new brotherhood.

Somehow, time and circumstance (or is it a feeling of security?) make the Wobblies and the Molly Maguires more palatable today to the country at large. Would those who think romantically of them now have befriended them in the days when they were hated and hunted? It does not hurt to suggest that historical perspective often shines a kindly light on those who disregard some of the proprieties of respectable liberalism in their passionate sweep toward justice. *Rebel Voices* provides such a reminder.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE ODD COUPLE
THE KOPIT PLAYS
A SOUND OF SILENCE

There's no use moanin': the "best of Broadway" today, the "hottest tickets" in town, are *Hello, Dolly!, Funny Girl, Fiddler on the Roof, Luv, Barefoot in the Park, Any Wednesday*. And now, following this pattern, comes what might be described as the torrid ticket, Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple* (Plymouth Theatre). With the exception of *Luv*, which occupies a category of its own, I prefer the musicals, though they contain very little gratifying music.

'Twas ever thus: popular entertainments as exemplified by the exhibits mentioned have always attracted the largest audiences—whether they were priced at a dime, $6.60 or $9.60. Such fare may typify a period and may be even thought of as art. (*Guys and Dolls*, for example, was held to be more than simple fun by a few responsible judges.) I would never raise my voice to dissuade people from attending any of these shows. Occasionally their value is greatly enhanced by brilliant performances.

What troubles me is that nowadays there is so little on Broadway by way of honorable contrast. Another distressing fact (though I should have become habituated to it by now) is that a sharp distinction is so seldom made between facile showmanship (titillation) and those presentations which offer expression of individual ideas or sensibilities. In the theatre at least, *vox populi* is not *vox Dei!*

If he is to be at all useful a reviewer must take a stand. In the midst of the hurly-burly he must be prepared to go out on a limb and declare flatly that to him even a limited talent such as Arthur Kopit's is more interesting than the very capable and commercially secure knack that Neil Simon displays in *The Odd Couple*.

This "man's show," very well cast at the level of delicatessen jocundity (that excellent actor, Walter Matthau, in the lead) and generously supplied with sight gags by Mike Nichols as director, is a sort of prolonged and fun-raising television sketch based on the proposition that two men living together may annoy each other just as much as any mismated husband and wife. There are other incidental sources of laughter, undoubtedly provoked by the pleasure of recognition, although when it comes down to it *I* don't meet the fellows every Friday night for a game, nor do I often take part in or enjoy pastrami parties. Snobbish? Certainly. If *you* like it, you're welcome to it, and God bless you.

What I respect in the Kopit double bill of one-acters (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St.) is that these "absurd" playlets are trickily disguised confessions, impersonal expressions of what is essentially personal. One may have been put off in Kopit's earlier *Oh, Dad, Poor Dad*, etc., because what was revealed was an adolescent resentment against a man-eating and child-crippling mama—a rich boy's revenge—but the terms of the confession caught the eye and tickled the fancy: the play assumed a form particular to its author; hence, for all its avowed debt to the French, original.

Similarly, one may think of the brief *Sing To Me Through Open Windows* (the first number) as a boy's memory of a lost "father," whether "he" be a person, a way of life or a dream of the theatre's magic. This may strike one as overly sentimental; but a touch of unexpected color redeems it from banality.

The longer piece with the frisky

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Liturgy

Sanctus deus
praise be the skull among flowers
and ornamental war.

Sanctus deus
praise be my skull among flowers
black sun
red moon
cold metal of death.

Sanctus deus
white skull
bitter flowers
praise be the fruit no child eats
full of blood
dry as death.

Jim Harrison

title—*The Day The Whores Came Out To Play Tennis*—possesses a somewhat vicious extravagance that surprises one into risibility. Behind its nonsense lurks a revulsion from a wealthy Jewish business background. The scene is the "nursery" of a country club. The older folk are confused vulgarians, pathetic empty heads, addle-brained would-be gentlemen of fashion; the younger are impotent nincompoops or potential thugs with savage contempt for their elders. The play develops a metaphor for a rootless urban middle class that is going rapidly to pot in its own inanity, obscenely mocked and ultimately to be destroyed by the whorish world outside—or simply by its women!

You may find this distasteful or little better than fraternity-house Ionesco, but it does exist as a creation, howsoever minuscule. That is why one can occupy oneself thinking about it for a bit, while *The Odd Couple*—which is graced by *one* witty line—can hold us no longer than does a chortle over a parlor-car joke.

The Kopit evening is well staged by Gerald Freedman and in the main shrewdly cast, notably in the persons of Phil Foster and Anthony Holland.

The point of Harold Willis' *A Sound of Silence* (Maidman Playhouse, 416 West 42 St.) is not evident till the final unfolding of its rather intricate story. (It is unfortunate that the plot is less convincing than the point.) A young Negro minister, who arrives as a guest in a "liberal" white household situated in a small Louisiana town, acts as a negative catalyst on the family he visits. While his presence is more or less acceptable to everyone concerned (mother hesitates; father, a biologist, pontificates a defiant welcome; daughter, a Smith graduate, vociferates in echo of her father, and the son obliges), the pressures put on the family by the community disrupt all the domestic relationships and expose the flaw in each character, the unsoundness of each attitude.

The biologist, committed to a purely rational view of the world, proves a bigot, weak in spine and muddled in soul; his wife finds herself more helpless than she had ever supposed; the children are more distraught and damaged than they had realized and the Negro minister himself is perforce a hypocrite. It takes the chance appearance of this unusual guest to make one understand that "there are no flowers in the house": our society's moral roots are embedded in sand.

If one can remain patient during the first act, one begins to get somewhere in the second. The young author must be given credit for this. He is still confused in his mind (at any rate, is confused in his story) and what is worse he cannot make us believe that his cardboard figures are real people or that what he shows us is actually rather than "ideologically" happening; but his play indicates a view of our situation subtler than much that has been said when the "Negro problem," which is really the white problem, has been broached in our theatre.

ART

Max Kozloff

FRANKENTHALER & OLITSKI

The possibility of linking analytic observation and emotional response—the fundamental polarities of criticism, but each by itself quite inadequate—is challenged currently by two shows of comparable ambition, and even technical procedure. I refer to the Helen Frankenthaler (Emmerich) and Jules Olitski (Poindexter) exhibitions. The situation represented by these two artists is complicated, at least in terms of the historical evolution of the post-Abstract Expressionist period, of which they are rightful exponents. At the beginning, Frankenthaler had been a remarkably precocious and especially lyric representative of that gestural, light-footed painting which typified the more uninhibitedly pleasure-seeking aspects of Abstract Expressionism. Having been influenced by Hans Hofmann and Jackson Pollock, she might have been expected to continue their manner of swinging across the surface with looping skeins of paint. Yet hers was a rather individual, in fact innovational, application of paint, for Frankenthaler allowed oils to be absorbed into unprimed canvas. Rather than building up testimony of the behavior of the brush upon the picture plane, she let thinned paint withdraw into the fiber of the ground, so that one's visual impression was almost of a curiously recollected echo of automatistic calligraphy. The result was a strange softening of the whole style, first in terms of muscular energy, and secondly, and inevitably, in terms of its chromatic fierceness. Frankenthaler's paintings of the early fifties, and up to quite recently, looked like enormous or overscaled water colors of a manner quite generally typical of a whole range of 10th Street painting. Sensuously, this painting had a gentleness, a distant brio, which could not compete with the ferocity and overcharged nervous brilliance of de Kooning, Pollock and Kline; and at the time, it could almost have looked as though Helen Frankenthaler were the Marie Laurencin of Abstract Expressionism. But this interpretation would have done scant justice either to her own powers or capacities of self-development, or to implications of her overall procedure.

For one thing, she avoided distracting surface episodes and conflicts between a careening draftsmanship and painterly dynamics, which eventually throttled the major current. For an-

Exercise

Hear this touch:
grass parts
for the snake,
in furrows
soil curves around itself,
a rock topples
into the lake,
roused organs,
fur against cloth,
arms unfold,
at the edge of a clearing
fire selects new wood.

Jim Harrison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other thing, her work began to have a curiously prophetic quality as the fifties wore on—a quality mainly due to the potentialities of that stained color to expand itself into an authentically chromatic vision. Indeed, by the mid-fifties, two Washington, D.C., painters, Kenneth Noland and Morris Louis, were introduced, through the mediation of Clement Greenberg, to those potentialities of Frankenthaler's style. Although initially they too were involved with a morphologically open framework, they soon began to systematize the dyed shards of color into variously structured, transparent and opaque floral patterns, or even into concentric circles that resembled targets.

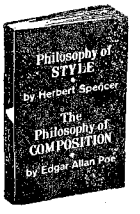
To their efforts, which perpetuated the sense of an immaterial, vibrating chromatic disposition of forms, here in considerable measure linked up with the great color façades of Rothko, and only much later with Barnet Newman, was added the art of Jules Olitski. No less large-scaled or stained than his colleague's, Olitski's paintings purveyed an extremely eccentric, asymmetric combination of elements. Globules would tend to run off the perimeters, or huge blobs would be buoyed up toward the top or the side. It could reasonably be said that Olitski's canvases, by their almost deliberately anti-conventional configurations, called too drastic an attention to his method of "composing," without advancing the cause of his color. One was confronted with something rotund, illogical, definitely simplistic, without being convinced that there was any justification for forms that did not, it seemed, get off the aesthetic ground. Later, he tried initiating a species of pincers composed of underarching curved bars of color, magnified to such an extent that the canvas seemed only a detail of some Cyclopean eye. In his preceding show, he exposed a series of canvases which were essentially grandiose fields of color—although certainly not grand in spirit—punctuated by two or three color dots—orange, say, against maroon—that vaguely recalled the synthetic, if still animistic, recent pictures of Miro (just as Olitski's earliest known efforts recall Arp). For nothing Olitski does is far removed from a capriciously anthropomorphic, almost plasmic, intimation of creaturely life.

Now, one painter having deepened and amplified her original explorations, and the other, older but representative of a later development, searching out a more stable embodiment of his resources, are being shown simultaneously. Taken together, they offer a sustained and, in my opinion, a strong alternative to the impersonal, paralyzed, abstract canvases that characterize the present moment. Particularly would this apply to their metaphoric attitudes as compared with some of the literalistic, concrete objects made today under the name of abstraction. But that is not to say that their work is uniformly successful. As a matter of fact, it is a testimony of their liveness, and continuous need to reinvent pictorial solutions from canvas to canvas, that both shows are quite uneven.

In Frankenthaler's, for instance, particularly in "Black Touch," and "Buddha's Court," one sees failures because various color spots don't tell against their distinct, contiguous color environments, nor do they appear meant to blend with those environments. In short, dead spots appear, fuzzy areas, holes that don't bring the eye over one expanse to another in a way that functions within a coherent reading of the canvas. But then, Frankenthaler's aims have increased in ambition and in scale. Instead of a configuration upon a ground, she now juggles light areas, perhaps, against dark, or vice versa, but in a format that takes the overall ground as an integral statement. There is no longer any uniform white canvas upon which to back the shape or contour of separate images, and while this may seem an elementary enough decision, it has led her to combinations that have put her work in an altogether more luminous position.

It would be impossible to overlook the particular material drifts that Frankenthaler introduces into these canvases—drifts that set up a slow, buoyant motion, varying in density, which evoke great cloud formations. A great success along these lines is "Magic Carpet," in which a cadmium yellow bank of silted, yet feathery pigment, changing in midstream into a grayed sienna, is contained above and beneath by a dark brown green, and an alkaline blue. It would all be reminiscent of Matisse—aside, of course, from the strange choices of secondary colors—were it not for the peculiar passivity informing these canvases. Crisp some of their contrasts may be, and they are often heraldic as overall compositions; but the fact is that Frankenthaler brings one back to recollections obliquely Surrealist in character. These images are the languid effluvia of a mind adrift in limitless spaces. Only when the bare canvas is allowed to peek through in unexpected glimpses does her work rejoin the explicit moment of New York, 1965. The combination of the two sensibilities in such pictures presents an especially taut and vivid experience.

As for Olitski, he appears somewhat suspended in the elaboration of appropriate processes for the color statements of his work. For one thing, the sponged acrylics that constitute his entire field are so unitary that the offbeat, up-staged lozenge or dot of color carries a disproportionate weight, as if the unequal juxtaposition were an equilibrium after all. Further, Olitski will grade a rather porous brown orange from a light to a dark value in such a way that traditional chiaroscuro is almost implied. And with this academic connotation of modeling he reasserts, paradoxically enough, his implacably whimsical, even romantic temperament. Another feature of that



FOR WRITERS!

Enrich your style through Herbert Spencer's and Edgar Allan Poe's classic principles that have influenced many of the world's great authors. A help for writers eager to get published! Send $1.00 to

PAGEANT PRESS
101 5th Ave., N.Y. 3, Dept. N.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 4-5-65
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $5
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP NO. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

SUMMERLANE CAMP

A democratic, integrated camp for boys and girls ages 6-18

Dept. N, Route 2
Roscoe 1, New York

TRAVEL

RUSSIA PLUS:

For the thoughtful traveler—a unique series of tours from Lapland to Samarkand, from Moscow's Kremlin to Yugoslavia's Adriatic (and all that lies between) ..... **from $965**

Black Sea vacations from $6 daily. Frequent departures; visas obtained. Booklet 65N.

AFTON TOURS
1776 B'way, New York 19, N.Y. PL 7-9595

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS character, hidden talents, potentials, flaws, health, personality. Send three pages, $4.00 for astonishing professional evaluation. **GRAPH-LAB, Box 12-R, Olympia, Washington.**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE

Amazing new liquid plastic coating used on all types of surfaces interior or exterior. Eliminates waxing when applied on Asphalt Tile, Vinyl, Linoleum, Vinyl Asbestos, Hard Wood, and Furniture. Completely eliminates painting when applied to Wood, Metal, or Concrete surfaces. This finish is also recommended for boats and automobiles.

NO COMPETITION

As these are exclusive formulas in demand by all businesses, industry and homes. No franchise fee. Minimum investment — $300. Maximum investment — $7,000. Investment is secured by inventory. Factory trained personnel will help set up your business.

For complete details and descriptive literature write:

CHEM-PLASTICS & PAINT CORP.
1828 Locust St. Louis 3, Mo.

PERSONALS

WANTED: opera lovers to help save the old Met. Write **SAVE THE MET, Box 714, Mount Vernon, N. Y. 10551.**

SUN-BLEACHED COW SKULL from L.B.J. country. $10. **Texas Skull Co., General Delivery, Johnson City, Texas.**

Buy Your Books

through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S., at the regular retail price post-free. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible. Make checks payable to THE NATION.

Please address your orders to
THE NATION
Reader's Service Division
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

temperament would be the bizarre format which he has chosen for the present works. Their enormous expanses, oriented toward the vertical, literally lift the eyes up to heights that constitute an environ in their own right. The spectator equates his color sensation of the canvas with the wall itself; but, on this scale, to discover slightly torn or ragged margins is literally to find edges in a new way. It is Olitski's manner of implying, not stating, containment. Or perhaps, to put it more accurately, he still wants to reassert the "pictureness" of his efforts by showing certain incompletions. Without the aid of brush marks, or any specifically manual irregularities, Olitski wants to indicate that processes are involved, operations incurred, in the creation of his work. Olitski's canvases do not have the inevitability or precision of a Rothko, although his current works resemble Rothko far more than in the past. Nor do they have Rothko's deceiving, complicated textures and tissues. But there is an openness and adventurousness about Olitski's whole approach, a lack of prejudice even within his own self-imposed restrictions, that augurs handsomely for the future.

Implied or constant modulation, vapory paint handling, these are the hallmarks of artists who fuse the transience of observation or sensation with that of feeling, reproducing so frequently, when their theme is color-light, a nostalgic recollection of luminosity rather than an equivalent of any specific retinal response. And recollection, for spectator as for artist, is not simultaneous with perception, but rather unevenly and unpredictably starts out from where criticism must leave off.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE TRAIN

Nothing films better than a railroad, unless possibly it is a cowboy (*The Great Train Robbery* started the whole business with a railroad *and* cowboys), and no theme for melodrama better stirs the blood or elicits vicarious allegiance than the agile underground in mortal struggle with the brutal but slow-witted invader. Give the partisans a railroad sabotage job, and even competent workmanship will turn out an exciting picture.

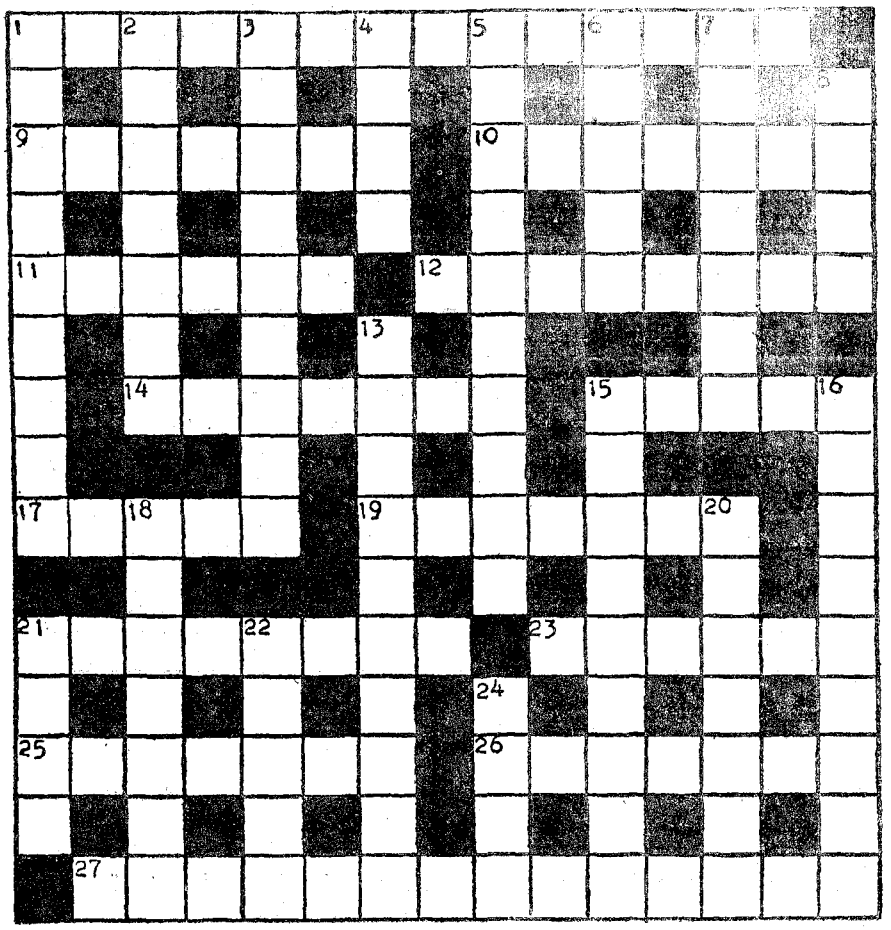
John Frankenheimer's *The Train* is a good deal better than competent. It is an intricately machined and highly polished rail chase (the best since Buster Keaton's *The General*) with massive destruction nicely balanced against witty subterfuge. Burt Lancaster, who still plays his own stunt man, is acrobatic, lethal, noble and indestructible; Paul Scofield plays a half-mad Nazi commander with enough craft to make it seem at least a *German* stereotype; Jeanne Moreau is arresting, if largely irrelevant, in a bit part that gives Lancaster a chance for a quick kiss in transit (she throws the picture a bit off the track because when she appears you assume that she will be given a real job to do). It is a pleasure to see again Michel Simon, the last of the obese precisionists (in the great tradition of Harry Baur and Sydney Greenstreet), as a wicked old engineer with the romantic enthusiasm of a stripling. The supporting cast is at the level, say, of the classic Hitchcock thrillers (the plot and the editing are not quite that good).

The story concerns an attempt by the Nazis, evacuating Paris, to take with them the art treasures of the Jeu de Paume Museum, which the film displays and itemizes: so many Miros, so many Gauguins, Picassos, Monets, Braques, etc.—the heritage of France, as Lancaster is made to say with incongruous pedantry. For the benefit of viewers who may not understand why men should die for paint on canvas, the value of the collection is given in reichmarks. I believe I betray no confidence in saying that the precious cargo never makes it to the border; it is *how* the theft is frustrated that provides the suspense. And although this particular incident never took place (though the Germans were certainly indefatigable collectors of "decadent" art), we have *Bataille du Rail*, one of the great filmed reconstructions of the war, as evidence that the French railroads during the occupation were indeed manipulated by artisan heroes. *The Train* may not be an art film, but it is a superbly artful one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1100

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 How one might use the book "Concerto Themes," descriptive of some young women (and their mothers). (7-7)
9 Unsettled beyond the point of agreement. (7)
10 Perhaps hot dogs at the game, served with a flourish. (7)
11 Not so long ago what stamp collectors follow shouldn't have the letter attached. (6)
12 Anger due to minor difficulties?
14 Comes back when you have to soak coffee-makers, for example. (7)
15 Within an inch of being a singer? Rubbish! (5)
17 The character of those disturbed by it? (5)
19 One can't say his bride wasn't bargained for! (7)
21 A ban on the current sex spoof? (Your diet may forbid one!) (5,3)
25 Getting led on so, they might wind up in the soup. (7)
26 It might be rare to find the tune so poorly developed. (4, 3)
27 Are politicians concerned with such things as affect 20, for example? (7, 2, 5)

DOWN:

1 Those who are 16 down might be this as well, with the limbs relaxed. (4-5)
2 One has to come and go in order to do so. (7)
3 When the usual dent is taken out of it, still has a wavy surface. (9)
4 Vessel made out of 8. (4)
5 Worsted might be a very special symphony to some. (10)
6 In painting, everything has a slight admixture. (5)
7 Falls wrong side up, like the end of 21 across repeated. (7)
8 Used to be made of 4. (4)
13 Very French, like a quarterback who is doing something illegal!
15 Ordering things to reach it is deductible in certain 14. (9)
16 Having no imagination? (5-4)
18 Give back the ball, perhaps. (Hook had one.) (4-3)
20 Mobile location. (7)
21 and 23 across Carefully examines illegal operations, in the main, but it takes two or more to plan one.
22 Is the Royal Tailor in conference? Quite the opposite! (5)
24 Self-sounding, this man frequently gets sat on. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1099

ACROSS: 1 Coping saws; 6 Aces; 10 Needled; 11 Resumed; 12 Very good; 13 Bears; 15 Outre; 17 Destroyer; 19 Pedicures; 21 Cable; 23 Swamp; 24 Cheering; 27 Inspect; 28 Delilah; 29 Neat; 30 Cherry tree. DOWN: 1 and 25 Centrally; 2, 7 and 16 down Present company excepted; 3 Nelly; 4 Side order; 5 Wired; 8 Side street; 9 Isobaric; 14 Compassion; 18 Suspender; 20 Dead Sea; 22 Bungler; 24 Catch; 26 Shoe.

PUBLICATIONS

NEW REPUBLIC, new, renewal, 25 issues — $3.00. **NEWSWEEK**, 44 issues — $4.80. **POLLOCK'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, Box 142, Little Silver, N. J.**

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Access to million titles. **Ardent Book Finders, Dept. N, 19 Salem, Cos Cob, Conn.**

"21 Ways to Save on Your Phone Bill." Send $1 to **American Telephone Consumers Council, 1133-G Broadway, N.Y.C. 10010.**

FUN TO READ!

THE IDLER is an individualistic liberal monthly that entertains while it informs. **Send $3 for year's subscription.** Money refunded if you don't enjoy this magazine.

THE IDLER

125 Fifth St., N. E. Washington 2, D. C.

WORLD DEMOCRACY. A book by **Bin Dir Woor**, self-designated Symbolical World President. Claims: **"unique, entrancing, epochal."** Next to The Bible it should become a Holy Book for all mankind. Price: **$2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C.**

"COSMOPOLITAN CONTACT" — polyglot magazine for international friendship, exchange correspondence, travel, trade. Two copies—25c. **Postbox 29117, Hollywood, Calif.**

"UNION AND LABOUR SPEAKERS' HANDBOOK" for better conditions, more pay, control inflation, finance development internally. Bound copies $2—50 at trade discount. **BALA PRESS, BALA, N. Wales, U.K.**

JFK / NECROPSY / NEW PERSPECTIVE / See The Smith's story. See Sidney Bernard's report on teevee toads & crocodile publishers. In **THE SMITH/4, the strongest magazine. $1 / $3.50 year / 15 Park Row, NYC 38.**

Just out!

The SECOND BOOK of

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES

74 Selected Brainteasers
from these columns

For postpaid copy send **$1.50** to

Frank W. Lewis, 119 Northway
Greenbelt, Md.

(Enclose $2.25, and both FIRST and SECOND books will be sent!)

EDUCATIONAL

JEWISH YOUTH AGES 18-26!

Hechalutz Farm in Hightstown, N. J. — the only training farm for kibbutz life in Israel is offering resident scholarships. Successful candidates will receive help with their passage to Israel. Apply: **Hechalutz Scholarship Program, Hechalutz Farm, Hightstown, N. J., or 112 Fourth Avenue, N.Y. 3. Tel.: GR 3-2420.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. **The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC) 569 Hudson Street, New York 14, PSC 709**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE!

With every **new** subscription to

THE NATION

THE FERVENT YEARS

by Harold Clurman, 302 pages; list price, $1.75

In this book, a classic in its field, The Nation's drama critic recalls the ideals, personalities, triumphs and errors behind the Group Theatre. That brilliant experiment in the American theatre brought together such then little-known talents as Lee Strasberg, Cheryl Crawford, Clifford Odets, Franchot Tone, Elia Kazan, John Garfield, Irwin Shaw; it produced such memorable and influential plays as *Men in White, Johnny Johnson, Awake and Sing, My Heart's in the Highlands* and *Golden Boy*. But beyond recapturing the excitement of those people and events, Mr. Clurman, himself a founder and director of the Group, has written one of the best social and intellectual histories of the 1930s—those tumultuous, tormented and fervent years that a new generation has just begun to discover with mounting pleasure and excitement.

"Has the fascination of a novel. . . . Mr. Clurman's 'characters' . . . wander in and out of his pages as undraped as if, spiritually at least, they were at a nudist colony."
—**John Mason Brown**

"A tale of almost heroic struggle, of clashing vanities, of successes and mistakes, which will always have a place in the history of our stage."
—Walter Pritchard Eaton, **New York Herald Tribune**

"Light on the forces in the theatre and in the surrounding social and economic climate of the thirties that drew this wildly assorted collection of actors, directors, writers and eager aspirants into a vociferous effort to create a unity in which they could work and through which they might also live."
—**Theatre Arts**

For your FREE copy of THE FERVENT YEARS, fill out subscription coupon below, and start receiving The Nation, this country's oldest weekly journal of opinion since 1865.

THE NATION **333 Sixth Avenue** **New York, N.Y. 10014**

Herewith is my order and payment for a NEW subscription to **The Nation.** Please send me FREE a copy of **THE FERVENT YEARS.**

☐ One Year, $10 ☐ Two Years, $18 ☐ 6 months, $5
(Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 per year extra)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP No. .....

4-5-65

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED